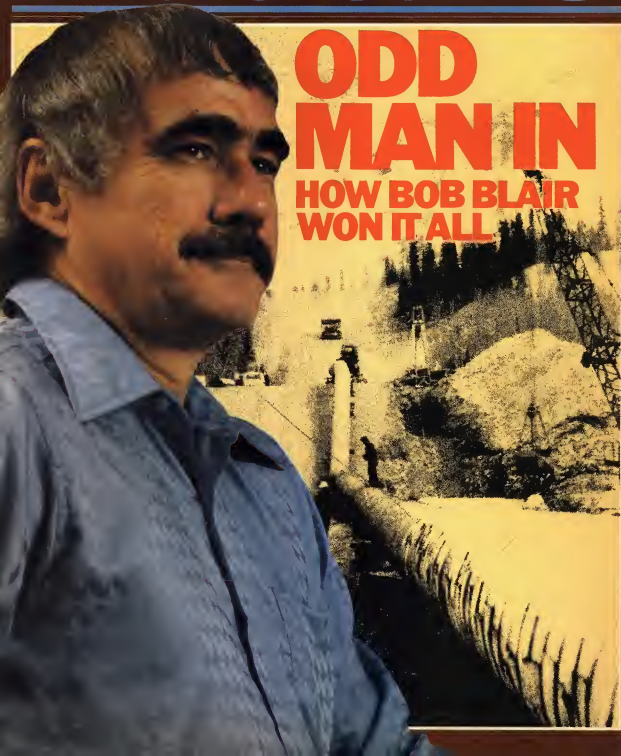


Maclean's



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MAN IN
HOW BOB BLAIR
WON IT ALL**



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Odd man in: Three years ago Bob Blin embarked on an impossible dream by breaking free of big-oil money and proposing an Arctic gas pipeline of his own. Who says dreams don't come true? **Page 10**



The condensed of Seven: Last summer in the small Italian town, a chemical plant explosion unleashed its horror on 600 people, suffering they still bear and a charge on future generations. **Page 20**



On Show, poor Show! It's not like the annual Festival at Niagara-on-the-Lake is so bad. It's not what it sets out to do it does rather well. Unfortunately it sets out to do the wrong things. **Benji**

Received 14 June 2006; accepted 11 July 2006; first published online 12 September 2006

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[illegible]

With Malcolm Muggeridge

William McGonaghy is arguably the most famous—and certainly the most amiable—born-again Christian the side of Jimmy Carter. In the last few years, his prolific pen has thundered against abor-

tion, materialism and the decline of morality and has prophesied the imminent collapse of Western civilization. His pessimism is so extreme that he would declare John the Baptist. He has taken to Christianity the way a student approaches a baneful task: humbly and without ideology. But he does it with style and a richly woven fabric of humor. His new incarnation as a proselytizer for the old morality comes at the end of a lifetime of varied careers. He has been a novelist, a literary critic, a highly competent newspaper reporter and a television personality. In the mid-1950s he turned his back on the wit for his reluctant staccato on the British newspaper *The Londoner*. His autobiography, *The Chronicles Of William S. Burroughs*, the 20th century Muggsage doesn't touch neat alcohol or tobacco and grows his own vegetables beside his rescued St. Bernard, Terrence in Sussex. He has been a visiting professor at the University of Western Ontario in Canada to teach a journalism course at the University of Western Ontario. "St. Mugg" spoke with Mclellan's *Comb* via editor Casey Bellini while on a

Question: You have said the idea of Can can be a Summary.

Huggerinn What I mean is that in Castaneda's view, to establish their independence from the great American way of life, I perfectly understand that. They could do that as over here when England was still an important part of your country, by taking English influence against America. But the bottom's fallen out of that, because the bottom's fallen out of our way of life. [Huggerinn's husband, who is the chief of the court of Europe in bed, had no idea. We don't know what is going to happen to us. We will probably be dismembered, go bankrupt in a racially mixed population, where whites are declining.]

Muggenbidge: You mean we are now an American club? *Where were we before we were British?*

Muggenbidge: Well I would have said you had the chance to play in both ways. There are Canadians who play the American way and Canadians who play the British way. But now one is no longer open to you and the other is no longer open to you. You

have to try and find a Canadian identity
and I don't think one exists

Medians: Are there no important differences between the United States and Canada?

My response: I would say that is true, in



1



The century's most disastrous inventions

are: nuclear fission,
the camera, the pill

any essential way to do with the word out.

rank, except of course in Quebec, which makes Quebec interesting and in my opinion is why they have this separatist tendency because the only way they can protect themselves from getting sucked into the great American way of life is by the fastness of their French identity, language, literature and patriotism. If I were a Quebecois, I think it would accord to me

increase I would think this is a way in which I can escape being absorbed. But for the English-speaking Canadian who has to try and dredge up some evidence he has developed a separate culture, I think this is a hard thing. So if I were to ask myself if I were a Canadian what I would do, well I think I would either accept the inevitability of being *Anglo-American*, or if I were a Québécois I think I would be behind *M. Lévesque*. Not on any rational or utilitarian grounds but just because it does provide some sort of visible alternative mostly of *jeune Amérique* to the *mainstream*.

Medicine's *Not* about a spiritual atmosphere

McKenzie: Yes. It would have appealed to me more when Quebec was strongly Roman Catholic, but that's lost now. The Roman Catholic church is losing its influence everywhere and lost here in Quebec.

Maguerridge: If you asked any competent gynecologist whether he was in favor of abortion or against it, he would tell you that the issue no longer arises, unless once in a blue moon, the question of saving the mother or saving the child because inadequate care comes up, then.

Muggeridge: I would personally say that the evidence I have seen points much more to the diversion of her mental equilibrium than being disturbed by the emotional con-

sequence of having an abortion than by the emotional aspects of it, says a baby she can't cope with. I have never known a case and I've asked many gynecologists, some who are in favor and some who aren't, whether they could say with their hands on their hearts that having an abortion would not produce deep inward stresses.

Hudson: You mentioned the pursuit of Eros as a symptom of Western decline.

Maggiore: Eros is the excitement of sensuality. I think myself, when, if ever, someone attempts to analyze the basic consequences of the moral collapse of our way of life, a very important factor in this will be the disarticulation of Eros from procreation, the pursuit of Eros as an end rather than a means. It's rather like the pursuit of wine, gastronomy: people go to great lengths when eating to flavor food with special things that would make one eat a lot of it. I think the three must disappear (sensations of Desires) would be the

clear fashion, which presents society in several dimensions, socially, the economy, which presents features in terms of reality, or vice versa, and the third would be the birth control pill, which presents sex in terms of society. Those three things define our era.

Maclean: *Was you a bit of a rake as a young man?*

Muggeridge: I think you could say that without stretching the point. And certainly if I'd lived in this previous age as a young man I think I'd probably have died... the whole thing to me is so utterly preposterous. If I'd lived in this time when you can have a divorce without the slightest difficulty or the slightest social odium I think it would probably have based up my marriage. You know some day we had it sideways. How it should have it passed it; but I think now of what it means to me to have a comparison of 50 years with whom you've lived and shared every single up and down, who has been with you pretty responsible for children and grand-children who are part of the whole mass-conscious passing on of life. To think I might have thrown that away for some gilding leads me to madness makes my blood run cold. Of course, with the present arrangement should divorce I think a lot of your marriage forget how recent all this is.

Maclean: *So you would defend the institution of marriage as worthwhile after*

Muggeridge: Absolutely. Marriage and the family are two of the essential conditions of civilized existence.

Maclean: *But it's falling apart.*

Muggeridge: It's there—I don't know what you can do now. You've carried the penitence business so far that it's a very difficult to see what you could do to reverse it.

For example, sex education: you take adolescent children and you tell them about contraception and the male and female organs. What is it you are really doing? You're saying that is either this, have a go at this. I mean it's ludicrous to think otherwise. The result is you see kids who really look like ravaged old men in their early twenties, with the joy and beauty of youth and innocence lost. I can't for the life of me see what the people who all round this think they'll achieve by it, except syphilis, gonorrhea, and thigmastoma to be in kids of 14 and 15. If I'd been told these things at that age I would have immediately rushed out and had a go. Because I can't see why I would have been told otherwise.

Maclean: *You are a well-known anti-nuclearist. Why?*

Muggeridge: I would say that I have had a great reason. It's a good old saying, "Do you look at television?" I'd say, "No, I've had my arms removed." And there's no need to say much more than that.

Maclean: *You are one of the anti-nuclearists of the century. How do you believe in a long time in a nuclear war, you are some point in your life you turned to faith?*

Muggeridge: Well I would say that it is a process of evolution, the conversion. For me the process actually began after my visit to Moscow. I then saw two things. First I saw that the attempt to create a Utopia, a perfect society through power, was only an attempt to make man, to shape man, to fit into that equation. The second thing I saw was that the collectivists became the intelligentsia used to reform into Moscow in those days, as they later returned into Peking, always used to say that this was the most wonderful show and

capacity whatever he understood what was going on in his life.

Maclean: *So they had rather ended personal faith?*

Muggeridge: Right. And they displayed credulity which always baffled belief.

Maclean: *But the poor Christian worshippers, the believers.*

Muggeridge: I would say it was, when looking back, but I didn't know what it represented at the time. Of course people often ask me... please tell us where you saw the light and I have to say to them that I never saw the light. Over the years I plodded along trying to find society would all the fantasy of the world, that has been my quest. And that quest had led me to take what could be called a religious position. In other words an explanation of man and the experience of man cannot be conveyed exactly in a rational sense.

Maclean: *You have said on occasion that Western civilization is doomed. Why?*

Muggeridge: Putting it in the simplest terms, Western man has tried to live without God, without a reference to any transcendental truth, and he has landed himself in a moral and spiritual vacuum.

Maclean: *He is morally bankrupt.*

Muggeridge: Yes, spiritually. And the fact that you are morally bankruptly rich, don't you have vast resources as neither here nor there—you won't change.

Maclean: *Do you have any thoughts about what kind of society perhaps might replace Western civilization?*

Muggeridge: I don't think anybody could forecast that, or could have ever done in similar circumstances in the past. I think that if you and I had been two of the great Romans talking together we couldn't have foreseen the enormous role of Christianity.

Maclean: *You mention that English North America, with the possible exception of Quebec, is a stark and miserable society. Am I over the mark?*

Muggeridge: Well I would say that that is true of the whole Western world. I don't myself think that anything of true or lasting importance, spiritually, has been produced by man in his contemporary. I think that is a society where civilization is running down. For example, Thomas Hardy or early Proust, their work will stand—its quality belongs to the 19th century. To say and find in the 20th century any writings, music or buildings that you could really say could stand beside Michelangelo, Beethoven and Tolstoy, would be very difficult. So I think it has been a period of artistic bankruptcy. And I think it's probably one that may last only to much controversy and protest and that creative genius will have gone into a corner, into what I consider a rather vain period of exploring art and consciousness and attempting to enhance by spiritual conditions. I mean more has been achieved in the field of science in the last half century than in the whole of civilization.

Maclean: *Then science and The Age Of*

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All you are telling kids with sex education is: 'This is rather fun, have a go at this'

we who were working and living there knew that they were displaying naivete. Therefore I realize the liability of the word. You know, Kenneth's first wife, Sylvia, and Sidney Webb, were the co-founders of the Welfare State and to some extent we went to Russia under their auspices in current favorite sons... but we realized that people like the Webbs, although they were honest and moral people, very experienced social investigators, when it came to the past simply had no



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Reason is a dead and foolish faith.

Magpidge: I mean it was a very narrow view of life. Voltaire was one of the greater skeptics, but, in itself, presupposes that sort of mystery to account for the phenomena of the universe. Science has gone a good deal further and is one of the great pillars of today. It does include education and even our business of communication. It produces a much more stable mind than Voltaire's, who liked to shake a job. He said if God didn't exist, it would be necessary to invent him, which is a very shrewd observation. One thing for certain, God is not real as a scientific cause. And Voltaire would make that kind of work, saying something that was not really blasphemous or erroneous. He was saying that man need God, that the fact that they said God is itself evidence that God exists. You say that man are hungry, therefore bread exists. Plato told there is a realm, and the fact there is one proves the existence of music. This is not a metaphysical trick, it is a fact that what one says is desperately needed. The fact it needs it is itself evidence of its existence.

Maclean: *Is God not God for a figure of our highest aspirations?*

Magpidge: Of course it could. The fact is that, through the centuries, it is not that sort of God that has in fact produced in human beings dynamic virtue. That accurate God that can be loved is not proof of his existence but faith in God has produced this tremendous dynamic.

Maclean: *Why you have to be a god?*

Magpidge: It's impossible to know and it's foolish to speculate what it would be like. I would never persuade myself to be a child that God became that sort of existence in order that this rubber Indian be a being system should revert with us for three more years and 10 and then expect I couldn't see that. I mean there must be some other larger purpose. I don't know exactly what that is, but I accept it.

Maclean: *Since we are on the subject, what kind of funeral would you have, would it be a happy ritual, or would you like a feast?*

Magpidge: I am absolutely indifferent to it. I would like to see my body, which means to say body it is meaningless to me as to what happens to me when I leave this room tomorrow and take a glass for someone else.

Maclean: *Would you donate your body to science?*

Magpidge: No. I am rather skeptical about doctors. They have come to think of man partly as bodies with an intelligent fire upon parts which could keep the thing going in the road. There is a way they are cheap, but occasionally from time to time, through being involved in the enthusiasm and the abolition of society, what appeals to me is that the ones who really are of this age can't even understand what you mean when you say that you can't disregard human beings as bodies.

Maclean: *Do you have any age?*

Magpidge: I fear so, yes. I'm afraid that

age life up in such a head — it is incredible obviously, and so long as we are living on this earth there will be eyes. It's fascinating if you think about it, because the thing about it is that it's inevitable — you can't satisfy it. For instance, supposing I were to say to you, I see where you and your ways and I wouldn't be the least mind you spending an evening with my wife. I wouldn't please you. If on the other hand I were to say, I would never allow my wife to spend an evening with a man you of a kind like you that wouldn't please you in-



Nothing of first-rate importance has been produced, artistically, in the 20th century

that. In other words, the age always wants it both ways. It wants to be rich and poor. It wants to be successful and unsuccessful. It wants to belong to the establishment and to reject the establishment.

Maclean: *That is about human contradictions.*

Magpidge: That's why schizophrenia has become so common in our society because as many forms in our society try to have the same of relative stability when the real planes of your ego can be retrov-

harnessed, but when you embark upon a really crazy time life you can't do that, and that's why you have these terrible accidents of mental stress and strain.

Maclean: *Woman's liberation was also put forward by you as another symptom of the end of the West. Why not?*

Magpidge: Because the family is tied to the stability of any way of life. Woman's lib obviously destroys the family.

Maclean: *Can't a woman still love and work?*

Magpidge: She can't have a family, she can't have this sort of love, an even distal feature of one way of life for centuries and still work. I think the family, the family base of rules for the father, the mother and the children, is thrown out of sync by woman's lib. I could claim—and every teacher would agree with me—in a class of kids you can spot the ones from broken homes; they have a kind of difference, a lack of security.

Maclean: *You once termed Prince Michael Trotsky an amputated.*

Magpidge: That is my impression. He seems to be a man who's rather typical of Western governments, and I should say Carter and Callaghan are like that.

Maclean: *What choice would you make between a primitive dog capitalism and an emerging China?*

Magpidge: I think Communism is dying also. Communism is, as Trotsky said, a Western heresy, and I don't think China's Communism has created a viable alternative any more than Stalin did. You know, sooner or later, unless we lose our technology, it will be necessary to set up some arrangement for exchanging goods and so on. But I don't think the emerging ego or Lenin did afford an alternative. It's just another version of what we are doing.

Maclean: *Do we have any hope?*

Magpidge: Well you haven't got any hope in earthly terms, as hope it all, the show will break up as a more culture has gone too far, but of course all things are possible for the future. For example, look what's happened to such people as Salazar. If you had told me when I was a young man in France that a man like that could emerge from that regime, talking this language of deep spirituality, I would have said you were out of your mind. I think nobody expects anything. In eternity you'll find that every human life is a series of suffering and answers to about the same as every other. But in different terms.

Maclean: *Are you a happy man?*

Magpidge: I would say I was moderately happy, yes. Things that have made me unhappy, like being successful, getting hold of a lot of money, etc., aren't my wrong. What is our situation? We are creatures who can conserve perfection and who by nature are imperfect. That is a formula for trouble, an absolute expert bottomed formula for trouble. If the human race goes on for another 350 million years that would still be the situation. ◇

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O poor Pierrel! O mournful Margaret! Such terrible things are lurking!

low, Silcox and Towns insist, in the preface, that they are concerning themselves not with how Thomson died "but what he lived for." However, Thomson did die an odd death, his body was found in a northern Ontario lake in 1917, and conspiracy theories suspected (and suspect) murder in it was more precise than that, according to Silcox. What happened was Thomson stood up in his canoe to, uh, relieve himself, and fell out. "I've found the vast majority of canoe fishermen who drown are found with their flies open . . . last summer I actually saw a guy do that," I said (he flinched from drowning).



stress and strain [on Margaret] will make it necessary for her to rest and recuperate for a while," and that "somewhere in 1960, probably in the month of June, she will understand her mistake [leaving him?], better. The Prime Minister, Dancy says, will indulge in some "romantic interludes [which] will put him in danger of scandal." She doesn't say anything about an election, she may be confident of her abilities, but she's not foolhardy.

The book, *Town Shoutin: The Silence And The Storm*, promises to be sublime, including, as it does, 164 color plates of 177 of the artist's paintings (including 134 never before reproduced in color) and most of the text by art historian David Siskin with artist Harold Town. But for a short while after publication the sublime may be overshadowed by the radical.



Thomson will be using the gas

Why don't you folks come over Saturday night? We're showing *The Cable Muley*, *Lawrence of Arabia*, and *Saw Hays*. It'll only take an hour. Well, why not? A Reader's Digest can make a gazillion dollars turning the great literature of the 20th century into small stories. Why can't somebody do the same with the great films? A couple of studios, Columbia be the first, are among the



from runners in a whole new growth industry which is producing Super-8 (millimeter) "high-light" versions of movies for home consumption, prices ranging from \$25 to \$50 each. Lawrence is down to 20 minutes (Agatha held in a minute RKO. Also Guinness is in and out of the harbor in the *Bridge On The River Kwai* in seconds, and if you can't get to see the climax of *Star Wars* rest assured that the good guys won. Can you 2 see it yet?

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one native high-level lawyer who spent three years studying the impact of a Mackenzie railway project and who concluded with devastating bluntness that the route should be abandoned. "I was the only person who vividly damaged CAGM's case," Robinson pointed out. "The members of the consortium that won't the actual decision came down most often felt that CAGM would sell me [testimony] for the consortium." The only symbol of the battle of the language into the 1990s, the battle of the law was announced. Among the members of CAGM was Imperial Oil Ltd., Shell Canada Ltd., Gulf Oil Canada Ltd., Trans-Canada Pipeline Ltd. and other U.S. and Canadian firms representing billions of dollars of investment in the province. But says Robinson, that says he was confident of winning. After he'd won, he was staggered to learn that Wilder, the former head of the powerful Bay Street brokerage house of Wood Gundy Ltd., had scrapped both Wilder and his associates in favour of "another bunch of people who were not as well respected" themselves. Wilder admitted the remark was "mean and petty" (Wilder has been head blood between him and Robinson ever since Blair pulled Alberta Gas Trunk out of CAGM in 1994—because "I was a little bit of a troublemaker" and "a little bit of a trouble" and he had later—"The Bank of America says we can do it. First Boston says so. The Canadian Imperial Bank of Commerce, the Bank of Nova Scotia, Dominion Securities, PricewaterhouseCoopers, Maclean, Ross—have been testifying that

Questions of course remain, including a major one: why should Canada build a pipeline at all, simply to move Alaska gas to U.S. markets? Critics of the Blair scheme suggest it does a lot for Blair and his associates but not very much for Canada. Although the new oil rule that the Alaska Highway line be shifted farther east to a possible future connection could be made along the Dempster Highway route connecting Dawson City with the Mackenzie Delta (where, until day presently, Canadian gas will be exported), there was no guarantee that such a tap would or even could be built.

To Blair's executive vice-presidents, Robert Pierce, the answer is yes, enough. "The United States needs that gas now, and we can help them," Pierce says. "I would like to think that somewhere down the line this country will need some American cooperation and that they will remember how we helped them."

Why did Football win and exerts lose? "We were smaller and more flexible and we could make quick decisions," says Kelly Gibson, a 53-year-old transplanted Oklahoman who recently retired as chairman of Western Transunion but who remains chairman of Football (Blair is president and chief executive officer). That flexibility is the main reason Football prevailed, Gibson believes. The Football

**'This is the Will
of the Yukon—
Lo, how she
makes it plain!'**

The sleek-into-fairplaygoes! Jacky cranked the dusty wheels of Old Crow, looking like a drooping and bounding to a halt in front of the waiting villagers. The Lyngby Lyngby has come to town. Charming. Ken Lyngby has happily settled into the capital's life. He is now comfortably settled for summer 80 miles above the Arctic Circle, where the weather was as frosty as the greetings were warm. The tiny urban village was dotted with signs: the post barely dry, but the internet drew "Welcome to Old Crow" but Lyngby, Mrs. Behnke, Mr. Phelps. Please hear us speak. Much is to be said and it is to be heard. Please take our message with you when you leave. Old Crow was ready to fill out another pipeline inquiry that pipeline was twinned.

Lyle with the urban good looks of a man in an expensive whiskey ad, managed not to shiver, although the winds whirling up over the ocean in the Bering Sea did. Only the warm windward had a member, **Sally Bonner**, wasn't as imperious as her chattering teeth set her Yukon gold nugget earrings jingling. The wind's third member took prompt action: **Ward** Phelan donned a Gargoyles yellow Trans North Turbo Air cap. It was a fat lot of help, but it helped drive the fabled road to the shore.

Our sandwiches, made in a kitchen that lacked running water but boasted microwave oven, the Old Crow liquer worked out its schedule. Old Crow, where 61 people told the recent *Sergeant* inquiry that a pipeline would destroy them, would be a good choice to represent the most active 28th class of meetings over the next 26 weeks.

Mackinac Valley pipeline commissioner Thomas Berger was seen as a fun-driving Solomon, adjusting between dual technological forces and hissed native people on Canada's last frontier. And, in Old Crow, the Lysek is

Early look on the same image looks like the Lyapunovs but are more like pilots of a twin basins. They're simply teasing the tide of opinion in the Yukon, counting up the problems to be faced if a pipeline is approved, but the pipeline is a problem for many and a solution for a better one for the Canadian government which has promised to announce how pipeline route it prefers before the US government makes known its choice this fall. On the surface, the Alaska Highway or Alcan pipeline proposed by Esso/Amoco (Yukon) is a real road, but the pipeline is a real road. Prudhoe Bay gas south along a road that's nearly finished the 35-year-old Alaska Highway through the Yukon and northern arc would thus give Canada the benefits of a pipeline construction project without endangering the ecological integrity of the Yukon.

As many Yukonites see it, Lyapunov has been given less than his merits deserve.

job that took Berger more than three years, and he finds it frustrating to keep explaining he wasn't asked to do what Berger had done. Says Lysyk, "The inquiries offer an important way. Berger was asked to recommend the terms and

mean hostility of some Mackinac Island residents to any pipeline at all. Blair and Gibson were quick to say they understood where the CAISPs kept assuming the part of objectors would ultimately crumble before the momentum of its proposal. Today Blair says of possible Yukon objectors: "The people there are different, and I don't think the same hostility will be evident once they see and understand what the project would be."

But the most striking example of the Foodie's flexibility—crisis would say "opportunism"—came last year, when a



Phedon, Lyapik and Bolteuer conducting an outdoor hearing at Bushmash Landing; it isn't Barner, and isn't intended to be.

conditions under which a pipeline could be built down the Mackenzie Valley. That's not our job at all. Our terms of reference ask only for a preliminary report."

After his appointment by the federal government in mid-April, Lysek quickly wound up his academic affairs as Dean of Law at the University of British Columbia and opened hearings in Whitehorse on May 11, preparing a brief which the government wants by August 1.

Like Bennett, Lysek is impressed by the

North and its people. Two years younger than Berger, Lytky, at 42, has a more academic life-political background. Approachable but not the same media sensation, he was close to Berger in the 1980s when Lytky was a USC law professor and Berger a bustling native litigation lawyer. Their first contact came when Lytky was approached for advice by Berger. A constitutional expert, Lytky found himself immediately fascinated by the whole raft of history and policy involving native litigation. He has been studying and

But Lake City pipeline executive John McMillan, joined Gibson and suggested that Foothills join McMillan's Nor'west Pipeline Corp. in proposing a completely new route down the Alaska Highway Northwest through a subsidiary, Alcan Pipeline Co., would build and own the U.S. section. Foothills would build and own the Canadian stretch. McMillan, Gibson and Blair quickly hammered out a deal and Foothills changed course completely, shoring its Mackinac plant and flowing everything into the so-called Alcan line.

writing on the subject: avoidance. Until the inquiry, Lypp had never been to the Yukon. In contrast, his fellow board members—two third-generation Yukonites, Phillips, 35, was nominated to the inquiry by the Yukon Territorial Government. He's a Whitehorse lawyer, grandson of Dawson City's first mayor, who represented the legendary Klondike Star. Blahmer, 40-41, is the nominee of the Council for Yukon Indians (CYI) which is participating in the inquiry reluctantly, convinced the hearing is "abysmally faked" by the "indecently short line" it has to ponder the pipeline.

Heading for Old Crow, the two departed further north to see the land allotted for the Alaska Highway Pipeline acquired as the National Energy Board recommends, a lateral line to feed Mackenzie Delta gas south from the western Arctic along the Dempster Highway to the main pipeline. Touching down at a gas line station, they stood, for the first time on the Arctic Ocean ice. Even third-generation Yukoners don't normally get that far.

"Our goal is to say something to the government of Canada about the pipeline," has been Loy's folksy mission opening line in communities from Beaver Creek, 800 miles north-west of Vancouver and Canada's most westerly settlement, to Uggie, just on the edge of Fort. From the beginning, three distinct points of view emerged: "here's a white, business-oriented pro-pipeline stance, a native anti-pipeline position and a white religious activist, one arrested by people who don't want the train chugging by," progress. "I'd like to see a pro-pipeline statement from Mayo," is the succinct statement from Mayo's Alis Gordon Melville. "There's always been a

Opposite that is the moving plea of Joe Paul Jack, a 26-year-old descendant of generations of chiefs, sued by the CN to travel abroad to the hearings starting next spring. "I have seen the great caribou herds at the northern Yukon. I have watched black guillemots in the rook of the old abandoned church on Herschel Island, walked on ice floes in King seats bobbed in the cold, salt water." Don't let development destroy that, he told the Lysek inquiry, because if the land goes, the people die.

The split is threatening to wrench apart the Yukon. Yukon commissioner Art Pearson, for one, is frightened by the trend. "A lot of people are being forced to say they're unequivocally in favor of a pipeline because the Indians are saying they're unequivocally against one."

If people can't agree whether the problem is the bad weather or the big dip in the Yukon since the post-oil years, they agree it's the biggest thing since '98. The Yukon is recovering from a year of labor strife that had most of the mines shut closed, and tourist revenues down last year for the first time in a decade. May isn't recover this year, even though the midnight sun isn't betting the Olympics and the American Bicentennial. With the Asian oil pipeline completed, truck traffic through the Yukon's down too, with a resulting decrease in sales of everything from gas to coffee. Unemployment is high and rains

In Upper Lusatia, John Dixon told the inquiry: "While people is no good for Indians. That's a sill, sorry. That's just what I want to tell you." If the natives recognize that a pipeline could be the death warrant for their way of life, many white Yukoners also see that it would end their way of life, turning the last frontier open to people fleeing urbanization. In the long run, that might be good or bad. And that, really, is what the Yukon wants to tell the Lyngby inquiry.

SUSANNE SWARTZ



multinational oil corporations whose Canadian subsidiaries were part of the consortium. "I know the way opinion was running in Ottawa on Canadian ownership," Blar says. "I knew the government was keen to encourage and develop Canadian technology." Clearly, Blar's upstart nationalism—he is a member and financial supporter of the Committee for an Independent Canada—did Footballis no harm.

Curiously, although Blar and Alberta Gas Trunk have been most prominently identified with the Foothills project, it really came about at Gibbon's urging. Blar

says he was becoming alarmed at what he saw during his two years as a member of caucus. "Good people were getting fed, it could be attitude development that were gone. Houston, poor Detroit." Also, he was offended because the Toronto-based board treated him as a person and showed little inclination to make use of Blair's extensive knowledge in Alberta. Harold Gibson "We as Westerners had stayed out of it. I could see there was a lot of feeling going on in there. Of course, when you get two bright and determined guys like Bob Blair and Norm Blaine [CAO's immediate predecessor, from Toronto's PopLink] working on another item, it's bound to be some problems. But then I also thought maybe the wrong people were in it, that ought to be a Canadian populist's project. Well, there were three of us—me, Bob and Norm. I thought I'd have a talk with Bob first to see if we could get together. I told him I thought he ought to pull out right away, then we could do it. Three or four days later he pulled out. People from back east started to ask me about Bob. They'd say, 'Kelly, what're you doing business with that guy Bob Blair?' But I'd just tell them that they didn't understand. Part of the problem was that [Premier Peter] Lougheed wasn't too popular back east, and there were even some people like Don Macdonald. For instance, would look at Bob they'd say 'Pete'."

What kind of men is "that guy Blair?" as you saw a few centuries ago in his life?

He is a sensitive, to me, manager, but the son of a military engineer (Sudley Martin Blair, former vice-chairman of Canadian Pacific Ltd., now 80 and living on a farm near Toronto but still mostly active in business who worked in the 1920s on the Athabasca for sands and who moved around the world a lot when Blair was a child).

"My father was manager of a refinery in Trinidad," Blair says (Blair himself was born in the West Indies) "and in the early stages of the war was making virtually all the airplane fuel for the Royal Air Force." Eventually, Blair recalls, the family moved to Boston, which was where he picked up the name Scott Blair that he used in Canada. Finally, the family returned to Canada when Blair was a teenager. He enrolled at Queen's University in Kingston, Ontario, took a degree in chemical engineering, graduated in 1951 and got into the energy business. Blair says his father is proud of him and even made the journey to Ottawa to be on hand when the resignation came down. During the most bitter days of infighting between CAO and Poothills Blair was particularly annoyed when a member of Toronto-based businessmen scolded Blair because:

From 1951 to 1958 Blair worked on a number of western Canadian energy projects, including the Trans Mountain Pipe Line between Edmonton and Vancouver. In 1959, Blair joined the Alberta and



Blair after the HBB election, proving that money can't always buy happiness

Southern Gas Co. Ltd., the Canadian subsidiary of a U.S. firm, and in seven years worked his way up to the presidency. According to journalist Don Presnell, author of the just published *People, Power and Profit: The Story of the Canadian Gas Industry*, Blair's tenure as vice-president, becoming president and then chairman, was a success story. Blair's years in a branch plant manager had a profound effect on his thinking and were most responsible for his determination that Canadians own their pipelines.

In 1968, Blair joined Alberta Gas Trust as its executive vice-president, becoming president of the company that executive officer the following year. Since then the company has grown dramatically—moving beyond the pipeline business (oil and gas production, manufacturing in California) and the company seemed destined to become one of Canada's biggest, even without the Poothills project. If Poothills goes through—Blair says it could be operating by 1992—there will be no stopping the firm.

Blair himself sets a benchmark for his people to follow, flying up to 200,000 miles a year, much of it in the company jet, a DeHavilland-125. The firm is currently shopping for something bigger, according to administrative vice-president Duane Thayer, a 34-year-old man whose former relations stopped at high school but who has made himself one of the Blair team's most important people. Mr. Thayer recently went shopping at the Peter Air Show, but said no decision on a new plane has been made yet. But passion is still proof that Blair believes his own statements to the effect that it is "unreasonable" for corporations to ignore half the business in the country, just because they're female. Blair, indeed, serves on the Ad-

visory Committee on the Status of Women. Blair's accessibility to the press still has more remarkable because he generally has personal publicity. Says Blair: "Well, I don't mind being in the press, but I don't like my personal stuff. Maybe she's not the right word, but..." He adds just a note not to be "too specific about the details of my ranch." He means cattle and horses on several hundred acres on the outskirts of Calgary, and takes what time he wants for with his children and his wife, Lois, right on his own property.

What the future holds for Blair is difficult to say. He has even given some preliminary thought to a political career. Prime Minister Pierre Trudeau's chief political advisor, Jim Coombs, has gone so far as to discuss the possibility of Blair running for parliament, but "there's no story in that at the moment. I'm not even a member of any political party."

Blair says he is encouraged by the fact that "Canadians from all regions have a feeling, a sense of what I call physical Canada, the land." He believes that such a common interest might be the starting point for rallying the country to some noble objective. What Canada must do, he says, is recover its business from foreign hands ("I think 70% Canadian ownership would be a good target figure") and begin a reform program that would reduce government spending. "With so many of our decisions being made outside Canada and with such a high level of government necessity, we've ended up with an immensely expensive country," says Blair. "You know, you can do it right both ways. You can be a good member and gradually develop the land while keeping a sound environmental policy, too." He readily concedes he's an ardent admirer of Peter Lougheed. "We have no personal relationship," Blair says, "but we are enthusiastically on the same



side of a number of issues... Peter's own conservatism at its best, and Western conservatives in effect exactly the same thing as federal Liberals." Lougheed's long-range planner. Blair's looking down the last 10 and even 15 years. His word's good, and he's still growing as a person."

Looking out from Blair's office window, across the building complex grown up to the Rockies under a high Western sky, it is almost impossible to think small. And Bob Blair doesn't.

Blair says he is not a bilinguist. But Clark has opted for another course. So we had to say and think—wouldn't that be a dirty little confrontation?" Later on the move, however, Trudeau again failed election speculation by refusing to make out a full vote count.

Secretary of State John Roberts, who was just returning from the embarrassment of having made perfectly unclear what the federal language policy on an issue of choice in education is, said in an

interview: "If the people of Canada agree with Clark, then the country is limited." So, although the Liberals were delighted with their spectacular showing in the polls they were straining to contain their natural desire to have an election and possibly destroy the Conservatives because that morning debate might tear the country apart. This promise of some-else's solution for the sake of the nation, not surprisingly, enraged the official opposition.

"That is John Roberts, who is a bilinguist."

The long hot topic

As July opened into midsummer and legislators met in Ottawa and Quebec City, both governments began to show worrying signs of fatigue. Both preoccupied with the formidable, perhaps ultimately insurmountable, question of language rights.

In Ottawa, Prime Minister Trudeau launched a debate on national unity in the House of Commons, then listened in astonishment as Joe Clark declared that bilinguism "by definition does not unite." While it shouldn't have been surprising that the opposition leader would attack government policy, Clark was shocking as the sacred cow of Canada's political life as far as the Liberals were concerned: the federal bilinguism policy, something he peddled, Robert Stanfield, always as far as he could, from doing.

In doing so, he also apparently dealt a blow to the much discussed possibility of a fall election. "If that's the way Clark would hold the country together, we could win an election and lose a country," Trudeau commented in caucus, before flying west for his first visit to Alberta since the 1974 election campaign. Said a Liberal close to Trudeau: "The assumption was that Clark



Trudeau and Sachs campaigning in Quebec in late June, no more than the last

That artist fella

Welcome to the neighborhood, Joe Fafard

By Suzanne Zwarun



The massive sculpture is called *Hank* and the name fits it snugly in the dusty cowboybooth Hank wears. There are hundreds of Hank in the better part of the Prairie: lately weather-beaten men decked out in Western-style checked shirts, foisted with shiny domes instead of hair.

to the boom, from the red nose to the watery blue eyes, it looks just like Hank and like a profession of late-day genuine poise, whisking away the hours over draft beer, venting their frustrations on passing "hoppers." But there's more, an aura that makes the ceramic Hank something other

"not particularly attractive," as he usually understates it. But where else could you buy a three-story house, on three lots, for \$7,000, no down payment required. The choice wasn't academic. Staying there it.

There can't be a more typical dying-groaner town. Once it was a leading rural trading center, boasting a lumberyard and bank, lumberryards and ivory societies a heart had a hardware store. The Depression farm mechanization and the urban exodus whittled the boom to a puff of prairie smoke. Four grain elevators line a dusty road winding sweetly into a grain field, the ruins of the main street scatter down the opposite side of the highway tracks. The post office and a café remain, the rest is plywood-glazed and free-painted. With only 370 citizens to keep tabs on, people here stare nervously at strangers, assume the worst, and everyone disregards the few street signs. To find Fafard's house you look opposite the school which is topped with a Woolly Mammoth theme-



Fafard's *Cree Man* (opposite page), Fafard and Fafard's *Patank* (above): art is the stuff of the really big, but meaningful, life

The red Hank would have been flabbergasted by the fact.

The red Hank, the towering model for the sculpture, was a long back a few beers in the Roanoke Steak, beer joint for the day Fafard wandered in. Fafard was new to the prairie southwest of Regina but he'd already discovered that a night, shaggy-bearded artist was an out of place there in a forest in a hotel field. The usual signs of detourism followed Fafard through the tavern but he pretended not to notice, making the bigness with the easy assurance that seizes his survival in small-town Saskatchewan. This time it didn't work. Hank, the lord of the good old howl-gathered road wasn't to be ignored. He ambled over to Fafard's table, scowled down without a invitation and challenge. "Don't you think you'd make more money working than on welfare?"

It was the question dishing every beer drinker in the Roanoke tavern but Fafard had learned to renege the red-nose. Life had not prepared Hank for the notion of a working artist earning a respectable living, but Fafard is persistent.

"Tell you what," Hank finally proposed. "I'll let you make a picture of my house." Fafard declined that generous offer but Hank stuck in his head on the way home to Fafard. Working from memory, in a day-long burst of creativity, Fafard captured a fore-high Hank in ceramics. From the dirt

that just a foot-pale of the real man, Fafard caught Hank staring thickly and clearly into his glass, as if he'd never before seen an uncertain man, as if he'd never before seen a man who lived by the rules, then found the game changed.

The theme is repeated in one of Fafard's latest pieces, *Cree Man*, a kneeling Cree Indian whose eloquent face is etched by profound sadness and resignation. "I always have been an often-contaminated art," says Fafard. "Rather than just do an Indian, I wanted to do a man, a man who stepped by the technology around him. Cree Man has discovered the earth is a hostile place and he's left without nothing left, it's except for his big, shaggy hands."

The Woolly Mammoth is a Fafard creation, of course. It was an art class project when he taught in Regina and it's embraced seriously landscapers, they have taken it from campus. Fafard, that, struck that the big leader some sculpture here to prove where school horsemanship isn't so rigid. Woolly Mammoth and Hank supply Fafard's conviction that art should be fun and accessible to everyone. He is an unobtrusive, popular, who believes his art must not only have a vision, he must transmit that vision to ordinary people. He didn't arrive at that happy clarity. Fafard once subscribed to Art with a capital A and lived for the return. He got it all and found he wasn't having any fun.

The son of 12 children, Fafard, 34, was born in a log cabin in St. Martin, Sask., a French and Métis community three miles from the Manitoba border. If Paris is small, St. Martin, with 35 families was minuscule and the Fafards were plainly poor. Family legend has him adding into the kitchen at three, clucking peacocks and pigs, as a presence not cried (in French) "Here is the great French Canadian artist."

Fafard had once wandered as far as Bonanza to sell sheep and the jeans affected



him with a candle and for his eyes lights. At 28, he enrolled in the School of Art, University of Manitoba, and fell in love with Winnipeg, where "everything glowed." When McVean started looking small town, he struck out for Montreal, New York, then Penn State University where he obtained a master of fine arts. His family was torn and a dilemma. "There has always been great respect for personal freedom in my family. No one saw the practicality of an school but they'd know me long enough not to be surprised by my family's idealism and they saw I had a 'the physician for hard labor. So my father said, 'Okay, I'll help you.'"

Infatuated and a painter but a contemporary sculpture class described "an affinity and an ability" he'd never had for painting and his first year at the University of Manitoba was spent in a studio, sculpturing. When his well-received Winnipeg graduate show was designated "anti-social corp" by Penn State, Falford played the same anti-social sculpture. "Monsters, past, modernized faces, rubber-tinted, not of clay. I made flying French-Fries, gobs mean that word is reminiscent because a high chair for adults."

Flying as America met by Vietnam, Falford and his mural sculpture headed back to Canada where Regina was "a respectable place to be for an artist." Between the Regina Five and Ronald's Blow the city was gaining something of an art reputation. For Falford, it was a mistake. "I didn't realize the activity there wasn't my thing at all. If I'm opposed, they're there! And teaching frustrated me. The reputation of it the starting from the beginning every time, the conflicts with other teachers. I got totally fed up with it and decided to make a living at something less complex. I figured I'd be a carpenter."

That decision was undone by Falford's introduction to David Gilbooy. Simply put, Gilbooy was into frogs. "He was using clay and paper models in a wild activity movement. West Coast attitude. He was making things people could get anything they wanted out of. I'd been thinking of an in something out there somewhere. I thought I had to go out and encompass New York, Toronto, Penn and I was frustrated, surrounded by that began world. It never occurred to me you had to go within yourself." Gilbooy's frog psychology got me. He was thinking frog, not worrying about art and creating something special."

Falford decided to stick with art. It could be here. And that brought him full circle back to St. Martha. Running a doll shop without cash had turned his mother into a one woman folk art industry. She'd received, glued, sculpted legs with a painting knife and, female friend, started into paper projects, such as a four foot tall paper-mache head in secondhand for "I'd recognized my mother's folk art as good and I liked her paper-mache cows. I didn't consider there was anything there for me, though, because I was also abstract art." But when Falford tackled a lump of clay intending to enjoy himself, cows kept getting better.

Falford got off as the "big, round, bald, of-the-fair, fat, person" that is a cow's stomach. He'd brought in, walked, led and doled up after cows as a child, and he found he could recall with hands every legament, bone and muscle. The cows graduated, for a time, into some concrete tributes that made artistic, state monuments to artists trying to get on the business—but at back, now to just being cows. They range from five dollars to \$400. They're welcome. For Falford, a cottage in-

The shop on the left is known as "Frog," the one on the right, "Grossart." It may be "Frog," but the people like it anyway.

diary, a morning, morning exercise, art that anyone can afford. "They remind me not to get too serious, too precious. They're funny. I like them." The big, rambling house with the spiced veranda and the large growing into the third story stone windows is crowded with thousands of objects in various stages of creation.

It's a daring expression of Falford's own cows, which and chits cows sent by friends, antique cows assembled by admirers. Cow-dolls decorate the windows and walls, the refrigerator and the van he drives. Cows are painted on glass and canvas, cow skeletons with a black, clay cow's hoof lies discarded on a dishcloth. Cows march across shelves, over mannequins, up windowsills and a life-size cow lies in a corner, a joint project of Falford and his mother. Cows decorate the porches in his lake and marsh over his stairs.

But even when he was first teaching on cows by the dozen, Falford was looking for something else. The first cow was primitive and evoked mischievous caricatures of an school colleague, like the elegantly silly bull-dog, bull-horse that often takes an history teacher whose overbearing obsession was clothes. He tackled plaster, reproduced the art colony large-at-life, then learned crocheting.

The plaster portrait named Falford a show, a gallery bought one, a Toronto artist another. "But it got to be a drag. I was confined reality and art and was in a universe of their privacy and me." One dark night, Falford drew his plaster man (the director of an Edmonton art gallery) in a private doghouse and planned his remaining plastering doghouse show hole.



From left to right: Bill McVean, who is the owner of "Frog," the store I just made all that stuff was. Bill McVean, who is the owner of "Frog," the store I just made all that stuff was. Bill McVean, who is the owner of "Frog," the store I just made all that stuff was.

Bill McVean and friends

Bill McVean has a lot of good friends because, as you can see, Bill McVean is many things to many people. And it shows on his shows.

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Study of gas flow in cylinder to seek most efficient shape for combustion chamber



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The condemned of Seveso

The lingering tragedy of an Italian town

By Arturo Gonzalez

It wasn't the poison—that's all they talk about at Triveneto di Demenza, the village *casato* on the square just outside the banned zone which is guarded by jeoparded Italian troops with strict orders to keep the villagers of Seveso from reentering their homes. About how it happened, but poor Alicia Seveso back into the hospital again, her face bloated red like a spill-over watermelon. About how it *risorse* made Maria, Carmela and Giovanni go to London to have abortions because the hospital commander would not give them permission to stay and they would stand if *tormento* would make them have children with child poisons as brain damage or worse. About the cow that panicked with its throat burst open by its terror and how the use of the land is going and hardly a normal child has been born since the factory blew up.

Almost ignored by the international Italian medical bureaucracy, living life hell goes just a wandering few minutes from their own homes, kept away from their farms and belongings by gun-coting troops and barbed wire, the confused citizens of Seveso, near Milan, say their white, oily prayers, worry and wait.

"Seveso," says the region's health secretary, Signor Vittorio Rivolta, "is our own little Hiroshima." Only Seveso's deadly dust was ice-cream-cream shaped, not a mushroom. Signor Wanda Coe, whose house is just 500 yards from the former chemical plant where the explosion took place, remembers seeing the cloud distinctly at 12:20 p.m. on July 10 when it puffed out of the factory roof. "It was earth first, then the wind started blowing it south toward us," she tells quizzically.

"We didn't think any more about it then. There were always standing up stairs. My two daughters and I just tried to close the curtains as best we could to keep the smell out. But Wilma, my husband, and my sister, Maria, they were outside in the garden. And though we didn't know it, they'd been with breathing their dust, going into their noses and mouths."

Then July evening a medical nightmare for the citizens of Seveso was born. Headaches, vomiting, rashes. Nausea. The beginning of money, money came on the state that had been derailed by the *risorse*. Six months later, the affliction continued. "Aqua gas better for a while," says Giuseppe Seveso, of her four-year-old daughter, "and then her pretty little face turned up and broke out all over again. She's just had to make another visit to the hospital. So many doctors from Italy and



Four-year-old Alicia Seveso exhibiting the apparent effects of Dioxin poisoning: neither rashes nor skin lesions

aboard of Milan. (Seveso is owned by Hoffmann-La Roche, a Swiss-based multinational company that ranks at the world's number one producer of prescription drugs.) Its largest offices in Canada and the United States are at the toxicology Valium and Librium.) The plant has been there since 1934, originally making herbicide coloring and pharmaceutical products, then coloring in recent years to produce toothbrushes, and in medicine and cosmetics and also in herbicides such as those the U.S. Air Force employed to drive large areas of the Vietnamese jungles.

Somewhere, on that Saturday in July, the process by which the chemicals were pro-

duced remains at that subliminal level. "Abstruse art is as being up on force it is usually elusive content. From ink care of itself if a thing it worked from an emotional point of view. Feeling takes care of form if you're concerned with content."

The world—Great Unwashed or Culture Values—has seen Falford's efforts in "a new kind of elegance and balance" anywhere from the Peter Horvath Show to the Musée d'Art Moderne, Paris. From the Sanitation Shopping Gallery, where his creative figures were first shown, his work has walked to all the major Canadian cities, Los Angeles, New York, Europe, but Peter still gets equal time because people are important and Falford's art is there.

Falford says an artist must go more than halfway to meet his audience. Luckily, the audience has been thinking all the way to Peter. A couple of centuries of danger and even every summer's day. Falford had his work from all over the world because a flood. Now his wife, Susan, turns them through the second largest house in Peter, points out the wall-to-wall art, sends them away chattering a Falford row. Peter is coming out to be not nearly so old as Falford would like, particularly since he joined the Canada Council, the Saskatchewan Arts Board, the Canadian Artists Representation, the Saskatchewan Minister's Committee on Art Education.

That takes him out there where he once wanted to be, but Peter is home and the most pressing problem of the moment is a threat to the school by a government proposal to abandon schools with fewer than 150 pupils. Other Regan refugees have fled Falford's art. Peter has their art's enough of them and Falford and Susan, with three children (Joel, Justin, seven, Gina, four), are embroiled in the battle. Falford lives in cities overseas, Susan produces the local paper leading the battle.

In the tongueless booths of the Peter city, which turn up often in common, the morning coffee reason is more interested in the state of their garden and gets their art. Falford's good guy, they say, but he does nothing, not getting things. Like leaving his children unattended for a month until it became clear that was appropriate. Like leaving a Rembrandt dry cleaner last fall because he considered him a big Falford's work they agree, a "mirage."

Eva Badley, former cell owner, probably says up Peter. Falford did her as one of his first works and exhibited the sculpture in the local horticultural show. Eva's friends pulled her away from work and changed her life. Did he see all these things? she asked. Falford, who had a buyer willing to pay \$20K, offered to sell Eva herself for half price. "A hundred dollars," she spat. "You're not worth that more."

She didn't say and Falford wouldn't tell her for the world that \$20K in the going price these days. ☐

Seveso, Joel, Wilma, Gina and Joe (and a goodly portion of Passaport)...but okay

inspired. "My God, call the police. He drunk him!" But Falford adds his own words, based on his interest, again might as human nature and his own artistic subconscious. The current, perhaps, is the doing, he feels for the people he does.

He introduces the sculpture much as the world real people. There's George, who lives down the street, an 84-year-old widower whose father was a Newfoundland fisherman. There's an old school chain, who drifted his uncertainty in grade, city slicker clothes but followed the fast, and aspires to be what's making it after all. Falford is there in a self-portrait, black, ugly, smiling at last coming over his forehead, who wears eye behind worn-out glasses, heavy boots.

"So W. O. Mitchell's magic life," says Falford. "Everything you experience is the stuff of art, the stuff by which you tell the truth, but the stuff of the reality by life. You take a bit from this person, from that one, you embellish. The final result is not totally accurately observed, instead, you make a new truth. You filter through your experience, you search your feelings and you bring it together into one thing or a few, but a meaningful life."

Falford shrugs off the fact that representation isn't fashionable. "Abstruse art isn't people off. It's for the in-group."

Falford argues there is a nonrepresentational content and form in his work that is absorbed unconsciously by a non-expert viewer. As far as he's concerned, form



highway to the Qu'Appelle Valley

It was a person who pointed him in new directions. "Alley Hixson, who worked at the school, mentioned that his father got letters from units all over Canada wanting to do his portrait. Then I discovered Alley was 62 and the oldest of his father's 16 children. I had to meet that man." Falford found a straw-hatted, green-eyed, 103-year-old, wrinkling a yellow cloth's head one, mostly for relief. The old man's life story was equally exotic and Falford was questioned by tales of the Turkish colony, homesteaded Greeks, immigration to New York, peaking on the piano, prosperity in Regina, the belated purchase of a young, Turkish bride. "He just blew my mind. To think he was 36 when the century turned. Alley urged me to do his father in common and I was torn. I wanted to but I couldn't treat him as lightly as I'd been treating the others."

Falford, in one of his intense bursts of inspiration, completed the entire sculpture in a weekend and sold it to Alley for \$30. Encoded by his own advantage in common, Falford now abandoned teaching, but last daily link with Regina, and looked for company among people with whom he had sympathy, his rural neighbor, starting with Hank. They're born, in their bewilderment, his aspirations same.

Often he snaps a candle against of them, then lobs over their entire two for weeks, even months. "I don't invent. I'm more a chronicler of what I, in my awareness, see." The sculptor does look at somebody like that real life models, as today adopting a friend of his in common

doused "this wild." The mix boiled up and popped a safety valve on an overboarded reactor. Normally, such a valve is always positioned so that if it blows (the reason is varied) into an enclosed container, its safety has failed, no such contingency problem existed, and the emergency team escaped directly into the sky over Seveso, safely settling back down to earth over a safe area, and onto the homes of the town, the shops and the farm animals of about 1,000 surrounding Italians.

The U.S. Department of Health, Education and Welfare lists about 21,000 chemicals as being toxic. About 1,950 of these are suspected of causing cancer and 250 thought to produce birth defects. Among the most lethal of all poisons, it seems—and this was the reason pumped out through the famous safety valve into the Italian skies.

Almost a week after the disaster, about five doused Seveso with close to 600 victims being treated for gangrenous-looking faces and hands, the still-smoking Italian health authorities ordered an evacuation of the contaminated area. Wives crying, some possessing small things confined off a two-kilometer by 700-meter area and banded families off to nearby hotels and holiday camps. In most cases, the victims unwisely brought their chemical addiction with them, occupying a contaminated clothes, driving car in cars now with the lethal dust. Doctor Anna Walker, a dermatologist, said "I would have evacuated everyone in Seveso and not allowed them to take anything with them, not even their clothes. Then I would have sealed off the area of necessary fences. Only this way could you be sure of preventing further down contamination."

"Because the poison is invisible, it's hard to convince the people they must stay away from the area," says Doctor Giuseppe Chetani, the local health officer. "We've had angry housewives breaking through the barriers and reoccupying their houses. In some cases, the troops have turned a blind eye and let people back in to get a disapproval or some personal possession. We're attempting to build a fence around the zone, but the people are very angry and feel they're trying to make leaps out of them. They've said they'll blow up the evacuation route highway through the area, if we don't stop building their damn fence."

In a sense, the trouble centers of Seveso are already lepers, behind their zone in quasi-contaminated zone—digi. Local farmers cannot go on longer and their products, as consumers fear dioxin infection. Farmers have been told to market their harvests. People from cars, but not in the affected area recently went in building, and when the tankkeeper saw their housemen lived in the hotel registration book he asked them to keep it a secret for fear of lightning off other guests. Women now wear masks in some corners of outdoor areas and wear wearing gloves. "I fear it will be hard for our young girls and men



ever so many outside the Seveso area," says one mother. "What I have wants to every woman who might not be able to bear several children because of it now."

For Seveso's victims life has been a constant battle with chlorine, the ugly skin poisoning caused by dioxin. British chemist Donald Loe, who has treated some of the injured, reports: "The skin gets very dry at first, often cracking at the nose and then working down over the cheeks and neck. The skin looks as if it has been scorched with caustic butter. Several weeks later, large blackheads follow, each giving off a pungent odor. These infestations subside—only to break out again. Some cases have persisted for up to two decades."

"And then there are other symptoms: constant nausea, bowel disturbances and intestinal gas, bloating, headaches, loss of sleep and drive and periods of almost psychotic anger, pain in the kidneys and liver, abnormally high cholesterol levels. And, strangely, black hairs growing out from where the nails were." A distressing prognosis for the more than 500 Seveso victims who, so far have had chlorine eruptions on their bodies.

But the suffering dioxin has imposed on the living is pale compared with the terror in holds for the unborn. Seveso is significant, because it represents the first dioxin industrial accident to affect women. Doctor Jean Spicker of the University of Virginia says of chemicals and dioxins, "The placenta is a limited barrier. Molecules of almost all substances can cross the placenta, so nearly all chemicals entering the pregnant woman through ingestion, inhalation or skin absorption will be found in the fetus. Teratogens such as dioxins—substances that cause abnormalities in offspring—may have a special affinity for developing brain centers."

There were, as best it can be tabulated, 113 Italian women in the Seveso region who were from one to three months pregnant at the time the dioxin leaked up into the air. Almost 50 local women have had spontaneous miscarriages a mile farther than normal. At each center as the map-graphic chlorine dioxin, Italian doctors have been busy taking series of blood tests, trying to see just how much dioxin these women are now carrying in their bloodstreams.

Doctor Tim Tien Tang, a North Vietnamese professor of chemical surgery at Hanoi's Viet Duc Hospital, who treated victims of the American dioxin poisoning program in Vietnam, says that his records indicate 300 out of every 1,000 people sprayed died in a month. No wonder the

The town's chemical plant (left), where the accident was followed by an attempted cover-up, is located in a red brick building on the outskirts of the town. The dioxin contamination is currently into the contaminated area; when Seveso is located south, how many general look will carry this point?



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**Remy-Pannier
Rosé d'Anjou**

World Health Organization's cancer expert, Professor Lorenzo Torroni, says women should be kept on the pregnant. Several women for as long as they live. Already some women continue to work at 1,000 are showing signs of bone marrow damage which may lead to leukemia in later life.

Close to 30 Severo women have had clinical abortions, a surprisingly high number in Catholic Italy. Finocchiaro came from Prime Minister Andreotti who authorized special commissions to review each abortion request from a medical and psychological point of view. The Church frowned. One priest we heard muttering: "Any village girl who even went to the saints over in Severo was up there in front of the board asking for an abortion. Ungrateful!"

Some of the women complained that the board's questioning was frequently rude and accusatory. "It was just another ordeal; why do we have to go through so many?" sighed one of the mothers-to-be. Several of the women turned down ultimately went to Switzerland or London to have the operation without asking any more permission; most of the approved abortions were performed by Doctor Francisco de Achucarro as a private duty.

What is to be done, asks a, and the subject of much angry talk around the bar at the *Af-Hetpaleto Anomali*, is how much heartache and suffering could have been avoided. James and Hollis are in La Roche, the drug company that owns it, had asked more swiftly over the accident happened, to warn others to flee the area. Carl Oppenheimer, a leading U.S. ecologist, complains. "The details of the accident are not revealed, I don't know why." The factory tried to hide the situation," accuses Douglas James. Says Professor A.J. Burchingham, the University of Cambridge, "The report is in the literature." It seems from here that the manufacturer are more concerned about getting the mess swept up than finding out what is actually there, so that meaningful follow-up can be carried out."

Wherever the reasons, medical investigation reveals that it took the first two full days to inform authorities that an accident involving Gagepox disease had occurred. And Severn's workers were actually allowed to work inside the plant for several days after the explosion in the midst of considerable contamination, went on to conclude. "We had to call a strike to get management to talk to us about the explosion," a growth Antonio Chappetta, the local union leader. "Management kept saying they were too busy going to us. And then they canceled our regular fortnightly workers' meetings. This rule is really stupid."

The Italian government clearly thinks that Lomera was covering up, even as the deadly dust was settling over the countryside. Three of the firm's executives, Ruggi, Zucchi, Paolo Fulcini and Giovanni Adorni, are under arrest and Ruggi has threatened to sue all of Hoffmann-La Roche's competi-

side Italian assets unless the firm fully compensates all involved for the disaster. An initial separation of \$2.5 million was exchanged December 1. Doctor Adolf Joss, the firm's president in Zurich, says sadly that occasional accidents such as these are inevitable, "unless one wants to close down chemical factories throughout the world, chemical factories that have saved millions of human lives."

But such high-level philosophizing means little to the humble citizens of Serbia, mired in their refugee camps, unable to work, being prodded and poked by waves after waves of doctors, psychiatrists, industrial safety experts and visiting scientists. What, they ask, is going to happen to their homes, their tiny pieces of land, their livestock? There are almost no answers to these questions.

The first government's official position is that the toxin is to be detoxified, the folings incinerated at 1,000 degrees Fahrenheit, the 770 cows contaminated areas completely washed-in. "The plan will never work again," adds Doctor Rivolta, "even if I was eating sweets for children, as one would want them after this." Napalm and fireantoxins have been considered as possible tools to use in Sevastopol's demilitarization, but rejected as being too far-off-our-mind. A last resort—such as spraying the city with insecticides—has also been considered and rejected. Dead animals in the fields have to be specially carried away otherwise insects will eat their skin, ruining the produce and causing further illness.

One first seems certain: the town of Seveso will become a barren safety eventuality. All previous avoidance from similar accidents shows that disaster defies all man's attempts to eliminate it. A German plane blew up in 1953, and eight years later the same still contained live crash debris for warrier safety. An American plane exploded in 1963, and they had to seal the rubble in concrete before dragging it to the bottom of the sea. A 1964 Mars in a British factory was satisfactorily cleaned up only after the debris was buried 100 feet down a disused mine shaft. Like Pompeii, Seveso is doomed.

Meanwhile, the pathetic citizens of Severo *livedly* play cards in their infogrames, gripe at the cuff to look over the barbed wire at their abandoned homes, cause institutional infamy in prison and their faltering government in particular. Finally the Severo-villagers have become aware that they are hapless pawns in a technological puzzle, not even the scientists understand. "What they are is human pawns, pgs," admits Professor Francesco Pucciani, director of Italy's National Institute of Health.

According to Sigisnt Cesare Gelfari, president of Italy's Lombardy region in which Seveso lies, "Seveso is a warning to all the advanced countries of the world to take another look at their industry. We have to see if there are limits beyond which mankind cannot go." ☐

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Islands off the stream

Time hasn't stood still. It's run out

By David Thomas

They live discreetly from the Gulf of St. Lawrence, lone and humpbacked like a park of fairy whales warming their flukes under the sun of an early summer. Fifty miles northwest of Cape Breton and 100 miles from Prince Edward Island, the 110 islands in Madeleine form a delicate necklace, miles across the sea and generations away in time from mainland Quebec as with they belong. The islands are the parent remaining reserve of French Acadians, at the same time, an isolated sanctuary for 950 descendants of British wanderers and seamen washed up from the wrecks of old sailing ships tripped by the Madeleins' sandbars.

It is only 30 years since bridges and canals were built to close the gaps in the long dunes looking all but one of the seven populated islands, and the quick motion of the 12,000 French-speaking Madeleins changes past and present from one to the next. The islands have a history of war and peace, a balance of life where only defense is a solution.

Now, for the 110 islands in Madeleine, the outside is a window. An accidental breach in the country's net of exclusion is cracking under the weight of modernization at the Madeleins' dependence on the sea, ripping into their mineral rich belly and leaving away at the fragile economy of their outposts. Nowhere is that danger more evidently evident than on any fairy island, a place of making sandstone cut off from its neighbors by five miles of water and two centuries of history. All unmarked English, Enry's residents hardly seem closer to their Madeleins neighbors than the passengers of a foreign steamer clanking by through a thick fog.

Cent Adams isn't sure just how many people share the island with its waters and seagulls. And Adams really ought to know since he's the mailman, clearing over the island, grey post, each envelope from Anne Ashby. His boat dips deeply into the churning green sea, pressed down by the weight of an unexpected passenger and five 50-gallon barrels of gasoline. The fuel is for Enry's 14 fishing boats and 30 cars and trucks which clank through the 20 miles of dirt roads passing for roads.

Once his craft is secured to the jetty, the boatman points up toward the center of the island, advising his curious visitor to check the population size at the Council House. Nothing distinguishes the Council House from any other, except its stone interior, which is a part-time municipal secretary as well as a fisherman's wife.

"Okay, sir," she says, sweeping back the fishy postcard pictures depicting the codfish on her kitchen table. A couple of old envelopes in a basket under the bureau surface and the council secretary starts shuffling off to meet and comfort with the first lady of a young newcomer. "Up the road, there's Bruce and Herman and Joyce and Gary—okay?" The figure is carefully studied on the envelope, none too patient with new residents. As for each stone neighborhood zoning on the north slope of Enry Island, there's a Council House, back on the hill, down in the valley, up the coast, on the road and in the water. They seem delighted more by notions of community than topography and appear, to the stranger, unworldly, provincial, provincial, provincial, for a settlement whose total population, on the secretary's addition reveals, is only 111. And that's including the nurse and school teachers who

the cautious should perhaps be excluded because they're "from away."

It's a distinctive dipping with duration and it reminds the visitor that she is drinking with an outsider. "I don't want my name in no magazine," she insists, cutting off talk. "I mean, too many times where everything gets all mixed." She refuses to explain her no doubt she, like all Madeleins, has been wounded by insensitive journalists who come back spring to city over the heat for new-born tales, exposing their leaders as average fellows. The seal season means the first time in months the steamer brings unemployment insurance checks and it is the reporters never bother with. Madeleins fishermen are closer to extinction than the seal herds.

But for the moment, life is good. The seal is a protection from migration away the lobster season is in its peak and six or seven cherry apple trees pluck at the green shoots poking through the stable spreading down from the dusty Anglican Church to Enry's storybook lighthouse, balanced like a pagoda on a rock where the island's red cliffs drop to the sea.

French have long lived and work no time to replace them, potato fields have yielded into a sort of agricultural common. But by June five, under a heavy sun to stare a buy-sell of the mainland must limit their grazing to the upper reaches of the island, up the hill, back Quin's store.

No sign identifies the store, streaked with just enough to qualify it as a grocery and under Quebec law, make it a crime to sell beer. A beer permit would well promote a healthy change in habits on Enry Island where the absence of beer, combined with long stretches of winter isolation, has made vanilla extract a basic staple—and not for

lowering milkbones. "When Enry is broken," says a Madelein from one of the French islands, "they would like a baking cake."

For winter, the whole island of Enry keeps a bottle of liquor more than under the counter.

Quin, it turns out, is the mayor of Enry and can serve just about the whole island from his small, 45-year-old house the oldest on the island, which he shares with his mother until her death last winter. A bigging St. James Road down to the over the floor of Quin's kitchen is the only seal to heat coffee. A society of good common to the island and his water supplies conversation but, after several fish meals, Quin gives the invitation.

"Here, be, I'll show you something you've never seen before." Leading the way to the attic room, he points toward a collection of brown photographs clinging to the wall. Out of focus is a set of new uniforms look cut across time and death from the pile of fish photos snapped by the island's seal and mothers of the 30 young men who left Enry to fight. If all of them is taken at Hong Kong and eight to perish as prisoners of the Japanese.

But the picture under Quin's hat shows that the women of undernourished age standing in a rigid row, their smudged bodies waiting to be taken to the west, served by the fishy phantoms of a primitive kitchen. "See that lady there, that one. That's Lydia McLean." Quin's son, a young man, preparing for the revolution to come. "I was three years old when she was married and I'm 49 now." Quin suddenly recalls when the leg of a deer standing before the photograph is, with a graceful movement, a spike down to a cage. Fixed to the frame, a humped bump the size of a dome. "That," he protests impatiently, "that was him. It was then 50 years. It's going to stay there too," promises the mayor pointing the perched bump with his thumb.

Only an islander, or an outsider prey to their ancestor, can understand the desire to retain of Quin's vow to defend a spot

of dead chewing grass. Five years ago a term of death in a commoner's doghouse, looked around and recommended Enry islanders be shifted off their unconventional rock which, they decided, could more profitably be converted into a sanctuary for food and bird-watching tourists. The same actual solution was impossible for the Quebec government's decision of a dozen Gaspesian villages, judged to be unaffordable burden to the state. These rulings have entered Quebec folklore as the "Macleins' Myth," but no one from the government has bothered to tell Enry islanders whether they have been improved or should continue to suspect the intentions of every visiting official.

A forced move to the French Madeleins would brutally tear a tribal survival mechanism that, after two centuries of living next to land along business with a majority 10 times that size, has kept Enry islanders, poorly, unaffiliated English Enry, know an islander like a French-speaking native, he or she, Quin Enry.

"You know as well as I do," Quin explains, "if an English married a French wife, you might as well commit suicide." French and English difference preserve a linguistic segregation, important to the islanders that have needed contacts French fishermen take care to radius to the university accepted shared name for emergency calls. The English resist their emergency in contact. It is

that Quin has been the head of the French Madeleins who said Enry is freed by Minister Duplessis only 20 years ago, loved under English waters in North America's last feudal state. As late as 1903, the whole Madelein chain was sold to Enry's Cousin's Father's Land, by the Collin family, descendants of a British officer. The island and their inhabitants have been treated as prey to be exploited since the first Enry islanders came to encounter the great within hands reported by Jacques Cartier, and then the English great risk. One should by stands of spruce and scrubby pine the Madeleins were shored held to provide wood for boats and



helped, and attempts to replace were washed away by winds to strong and constant that Madeleins are often forced to leave their homes. The sea, too, is an unrelenting aggression, clawing at the soft red sandstone supporting the islands. Another pod of seals and coveys are carved, then crushed by the waves.

Life has not been much kinder to the Madeleins' Acadians whose, for centuries, were located around the Gulf from Nova Scotia to Newfoundland, St. Pierre and Miquelon, and Labrador, before falling to the center of their orbit, the 110 islands in Madeleine. Their settlements remained British and English-speaking in a world's context, through the fish companies whose U.S. head offices decide who will work and how much they will be paid. Grand McLean's eldest son (he is the youngest son of the Madeleins' biggest packing plant at Cap-Madeleine) was a longshoreman because of climbing fish stocks. Quin's new government was forced to buy the lot for one million dollars to keep the plant alive. Unemployment in the end of winter is 90% and even in the height of the fishing and road-patching season never drops below 30%.

But of the Madelein economic malady may be traced to the stifling prohibition against their outright ownership of land





and 1998. Entrepreneurial initiative remains scarce and farming, once enough to sustain the island along with the sea, is declining. Fields go overgrown while the supply of fish meat and buy-in has on tradition like Hiram and Cook's Market. Overloading their old trucks near Quebec City with sea-run crates, as many pigs, four porcupines and a pair of young goats, the couple drives down through New Brunswick and Nova Scotia, then across to Prince Edward Island, where they cover the land with 60 bales of hay and board the Madeline ferry at Sorel. "They could grow all they need on the island," says Hiram who will sail the kay for as much as two dollars a bale, more than double its cost. "See nobody's interested." "Cattle country, that steady work is akin to the rhythm of Madeline life and with livestock transport banned by the ferry company during the peak of the tourist season and no boats at all in the winter, the Maritimes have adapted. "We never thought of taking unemployment insurance on the outside but here, well, you do like everyone else."

The Maritimes, like most scramble for a few months work, enough to pay unemployment benefits. Before the cold starts down virtually all activity by jensing the island in a park of unemployable sea. There is a certain freedom from ambition. But the cold economy has no work. At least a few weeks work are needed to qualify and last year the old General Mills plant leased by the government to the cooperative United Fishermen of Quesbec doesn't have the fish to supply workers long enough to collect the required stamps. The penalty has destroyed part of the Madeline social contract which, when the factories were busy from April to May, meant that jobs were rotated, each woman staying just long enough to earn unemployment for the winter.

Quebec is hoping to generate a spirit of oxidative team year by turning a major

Laborer boats at Cap Aux Meules. Grindstone Millage is a dirty word

those of the plant over to ownership and management by the fishermen and other Madelinots, but everyone realizes the grindstone fishery is proper at last. The sea has become already harvested more like an annual crop than a hunted prey, lobster, is the last licensee catch for the island and not, with its reputation in New York and Boston as the place's best, a hard-for tourists who prefering preference for Holiday Inn unemployment.

From May to July in Hiram-Aubert, steam from the National Sea Products plant in status of lobster are washed to the ferry wharf. There cleaning streams are stepped in two by one while an armored machine and then, broken for salt water, dumped in running water. Inside, 100 women manded mules and tables, upping the mess, taking the frozen from the wharf and land. The frozen are plastic sacks labeled in French and German and moved toward Switzerland.

The pretense of the villages. Hiram-Aubert has been the most, with a small station opened by the end and a proud family restaurant, to make tourism a worthwhile supplement to the making fishery.

But one day in May the ferry from Pitt discovered a single that could poison the buds of Hiram-Aubert's scorching venture. A flatted truck rolled off the ship with a load of rock led lobster and delivered at the east day to a changed deck near the Hiram-Aubert dock. Quebec's motorcycle racing outfit Sequan will pole holes near the village to vent the wealth of petzestum deposits and, if they prove so extremely worthwhile, minus will follow. However not many tourists will pay their way in Hiram-Aubert to see the island's gas-ventured sailing on.

Fifty miles northeast along the coast, the flow of money to the houses and no-

and life of the Madelinots is already evident. Sequan has been at work since March installing a salt water pump in a massive deposit of salt at Croix-de-la, salt destined to be spread over the winter roads of mainland Quebec. It is of some confusion to Chinese. In the main construction of Madeline English—the fish Sequan plan to power the zone with ecologically soft windmills of Hydro-Quebec's new prototype—at 120 km the island in the world—driven across electric power to outposts of direct generation. The windmill and a last sign of an experimental installation last rose from the Duce du Sud as a massive fiction setting worthy of Stanley Kubrick.

The fishermen are concerned by plan to drain a salt loading station into the central lobster spawning zone, the north of the fishery that brought them an average \$10,000 each last year. Sequan promises to mine will mean about 150 jobs, but only half of them going to Madelinots and the majority of new jobs, quite probably, would be lost of the Madelinot majority. In any case, says Mayor Tom Burke after a special Sunday council meeting called to worry over the project. "There won't be many jobs. Grind-stone will go down a mine. We're fishermen, born and brought up on the sea." The council wants a thorough study of the salt mine's consequences.

Although a study has been promised by the Quebec government, Burke is skeptical. "We can't see that the provincial government is going to give us a study that's not biased. They're going to be digging the salt out and they're the ones that'll be buying it." The same government has reserved the eventually mined out salt pillars for the local and foreign, and, for the most part, maybe, or perhaps the citizens might be used as reservoirs of compressed salt, pumped in by simple windmill power and then tapped through generating turbines when needed. The Hydro-Quebec engineers have more sinister schemes. Salt is never the best, but still endures garbage grounds for radioactive garbage from atomic power stations.

As environmental study won't be ready for months, but the impact of the mine becoming obvious to Burke in his eyes. Salt loss from a high dune has been dumped into Grande Encluse Lagoons to support the heavy equipment. A wide arc of salt crystals' taken in the expense of labor and unsanctioned but for environmental harm. Just beyond the dunes, a pair of tall herons pick their way through the black shales, while a far better out a lone black crane once surfaces after a subtle dive.

The comment and the lesson won't be second march longer. The lobster, the tourists and the vision of fish farming in the lagoons may have to make way too. It depends on the Madelinots, whether they will make their fish either on the sea, leave them to the vision of those. "From away" (C)

The World

Eurocommunism: the threat that simply isn't

By David North

Eurocommunism is a mouthful of a word which both the Soviet Union and the United States are finding difficult to swallow. It is an awkward, invented to describe a new version of Marxism which professes obedience to the Western law of the ballot box and independence from Moscow. Undemandingly it has received some approval from the Kremlin, which is regarded as heretic. But it is also given welcome in Washington and likewise in the West. There, the suspicion is that having achieved power by democratic means, the Eurocommunists will revert to their true values and cut the people to whom they owe their first loyalty in the East.

This second theory is, at best, supposition and at worst may be downright harmful to Western interests. But that last assertion the United States from Eurocommunism. Recently, U.S. Secretary of State Cyrus Vance suggested an anti-subversion that "serious problems" could result if Communists were a major role in the governments of France, Italy and other Western countries, and he went on to hint that such a development could make the world less free for the purpose of U.S. troops in Western Europe. The clear inference is to be drawn by the citizens of France, Italy and other Western countries is that if they have the liberty to vote the Communists—in at their democratic right—they risk losing the remaining presence of the United States.

Such attempts to play on European insecurities develop the very democratic values the West sets itself up to defend, and very well not be founded on realism, and may, in so-called, play straight into the hands of the Soviet Union.

The word from Paris after Soviet leader Leonid Brezhnev's visit to the city of the French government to the vice president—was that Brezhnev had threatened to use the Eurocommunists to make life awkward for the West of the United States and the did not want to begin more cooperative over nuclear arms control and other outstanding issues.

On the face of it that threatens to confirmation of the "Communist conspiracy" theory. If Brezhnev said anything of kind he was probably trying to work trouble for the heretics. One leading Eurocommunist—Spain's Santiago Carrillo, who has been under fire from the Kremlin—recently told journalists he expects a series of intrigues to break up the French, Italian and Spanish Communist parties, all of which he led to the Eurocommunism line.

The occasion for Carrillo's warning was



Spain's Carrillo, if the Kremlin is the new 'Willy Bush', it is no Luther!

a vicious attack by a Soviet commentator on the Spanish's new book, *Eurocommunism and the State*, in which he denounced the independence (from Moscow) role of Communists in Western democratic society. Charged by the Soviet ambassador with "isolating anti-Sovietism" and trying to split the world Communist movement, he replied that he has "seriously hoped to promote discussion... I did not expect to be communicated from the Holy See."

Carrillo's denunciation of Eurocommunism to a medieval Catholic church is an apt description of the position. The Eurocommunists are caught in a giant pincer between the two superpowers. The question is whether they deserve to be there.

In fact, the description "Eurocommunism" is a journalist's convenience word used last March, when the Italian, French and Spanish Communist Party leaders, meeting in Madrid deliberately adopted it. They did, in their declaration, for the first time declared what it meant to them. Communism in Western Europe, they said, will respect traditional Western human rights, including universal suffrage, political plurality and individual freedoms.

A major point against the conspiracy theory is that by no means all the other Western European Communist parties support the thesis laid down in the declaration.

Often, if not the Greek, Dutch and Austrian parties still accept the traditional Moscow revolutionary line. So do the Portuguese, sometimes mistakenly lumped together with the Eurocommunists. Of the rest, the Swiss and the Belgians are thought to be swinging away from Moscow, while the British, Swedish and Danish parties have already swung.

None of these parties stands the remotest chance of being able to pass their beliefs into practice, however, and even the Italian, French and Spanish parties have major problems in their own history and present positions.

Italy: The two-million-strong Italian Communist Party (PCI) was one of three Italian political parties that last month concluded an outdoor agreement with the ruling Christian Democratic majority for a legislative program. But that may be as near as they come to power for quite some time. For the ruling in Rome is that the PCI may have peaked.

Under its charismatic leader Enrico Berlinguer, the party last year polled a stunning 34.5% of the vote in a general election, only about 4% less than the Christian Democrats. But in recent local elections it has lost huge, huge votes in the south, as it has gained votes in northern, industrial strongholds.

The PCI has, however, come a long way, and its loss is in spite of Moscow, with which it has broken over much of its history, rather than because of any compromise with the Kremlin. The roots of its dis-

People



Margaret Trudeau is right: she does have a cute butt, and she does look good in tight jeans. And if she can tolerate two more revolting trips to her gynecologist, why shouldn't she? In the first appearance since she made the country great in Toronto during a company in doing just that, Elia's Miss's Wear Stores has introduced a line of jeans called "Maggie T." Among styles that include "a girl cut for a cute butt," and "one could add extra foreign dimensions, go to it rock insects, or go long behind the house (in there)." The newspaper said a woman who is sensationally



The real Magpie T. and her reasonable fiancé if you've got it, spend it. He is the married Mr. Trudeau, right down to the sunglasses dangling in the left rear jeans pocket and the brand of camera (Nikkomat EMK), of course in doing a whole you-and-i-not-a-number, doting with crossed fingers that they would do such a great, commercial thing. If your sensibility is all needs strong, ladies to this statement from the firm: when the new animated line was produced a couple of other gets mad on one and one said an approximation, "Oh, let's call them Maggie T's!"

The deletion in **Charles Templeton's** new novel, *Out of God*, reads: "To Laura Burton, who unwittingly sowed the seed." As most people know by now, the seed has produced a rare garden for Templeton—the advance agency royalties are excess of \$250,000 from Canadian and American publishers, and the very strong likelihood of lucrative film deals before or after publication this September. It all sounds like way, about two years ago, Templeton and **Marvin Bartine** had tried and out-performed in the CNET (Toronto) radio program *Dialogue*; were talking about novels; Templeton was about 180 pages into his second and having problems that Bartine ever tried a novel? Yes, Bartine was of London many—"my mother" however, always wished to be a novelist, she had an idea which I think is a damned interesting one." What was it? "There's a Jesus Christ who knows that an anthropologist has uncovered the bones of Jesus, and does not be-



Laura Burton: over to you, Charles

most kill him." In *Out of God*, begun tentatively and written over 22 months, the point is changed into a cerebral—and Templeton into a Major Novelist.

In the still-hot wage production *Lowmeyer* (the Woodstock Festival of Love, Peace, and Death) the sex is having greater pro-

ting "**Bob Dylan**" to come up onstage and "force us with a little time." Finally he has the solution: getting great wads of money from his pocket for the product is to Dylan—"all that bread is yours babe." Dylan's character starts working overtime and up he comes. Should anyone still find this outrageous and unfair, not tell believe that Dylan is expected for the other financial prize, another that "you can't have just everything a low-level film, control the prize out to his multi-million-dollar beach house in California for a viewing, but not all the pros. The New Yorker *Mogler* and *Japaner* were acceptable, but said a Dylan anomaly, "We don't want any *Reding Shoes* or *Village Voice* groups."



Lapine's submer: hardly kid stuff

Victoria, **Marlowe's** readers will be pleased to know that *Jaeger* the Best, who appeared in the magazine for 25 years, is alive and well (as is his cousin, Ann, a regular and still appearing in some Canadian weekly newspapers). Not only that, *Jaeger* has joined the *unsubscribers* in his own lifetime. His name and likeness are as a new symbol used for endorsing in Canadian community newspapers. This year's season, the first, is *First Lapine* who was a stray Italian from *Hay River* 1961 and who plays his trade for the *Hay River* and the somewhat comfortable living above Lapine is that he drew the winning ticket—*Thelma* at *The Esplanade*, where he was only 17 years old (he'll 18 now, a fact unknown to and therefore not considered by the three judges including syndicated cartoonist Ben Wick) who chose a from \$5 chance to the *Great Lakes Publishing* (Canadian) cooperative Competition

Health

When in doubt, cut it out. What the hell's the difference?

From trial Africa to ducking Germany southward, the economic state of health care in the United States is a constant to this day, to be the most symbol of progress and wealth. Given the pale white tracks of the scalpel count a variety of elective surgery (nonessential surgery performed at the patient's request, often instead of long-term therapy) which of these groups up and for a greater number than their fellows, from hysterectomy through gall bladder surgery, to appendectomy. Gradually, since the advent of universal medical elective operations are becoming a democratic tradition—like the *fast-food* age, indeed, they are spreading across the country with the same force of a disease, leaving behind it in any other outbreak would be called epidemic.

An increase of 41% in hysterectomies and the 23% rise in gall bladder operations between 1968 and 1972 are among the things data gathered by Dr. Eugene Vayda, an epidemiologist at the University of Toronto. There were only 4,321 breast operations in Canada during 1971—the last year for which national figures are available—yet there were 87,710 hysterectomies and 290 gall bladder operations, and some 352,000 colonectomies. While in some parts of the United States are getting rid of unnecessary operations in care, as if they were old shoes, the president of the Canadian Medical Association, Dr. Robert Gooden, does not find the surgery excessive. "Unnecessary surgery is not a problem in Canada," he states flatly. It may not be a medical problem in the sense that most of the tens of thousands of operations are not routinely. Often, however, the results aren't quite what the patients hoped for and complications set in as readily as "mosted relief." For example, after surgery, stomach cancer, even have several others instead, causing gas and the final solution for victory—an amputation of the leg. Elsewhere, the blindness of an illness is as overwhelming as to death from brain damage, if not from the slip of a scalpel.

Despite Gooden's optimism, there has been proof available for years that unnecessary surgery is performed often in parts of Canada. A committee of the *Canadian College of Physicians and Surgeons* found that nearly a quarter of the hysterectomies performed there in 1971 could not be "medically justified." Yet when these figures were made public in 1973 only two years for the number of unnecessary hysterectomies to plummet to 85.



As with the other diseases, sometimes of sufficient injury, rash decisions when, however, become necessary. That's why high prices for elective surgery, while New York is the lowest. But by hysterectomy rates are high," acknowledges Dr. Louis B. Rabin, registrar of the Alberta College of Physicians and Surgeons. "Because it is often used here for sterilization. There's probably a greater proportion of doctors in Alberta who would agree with removing a healthy ovary to prevent cancer or pregnancy than anywhere else in Canada. And we have more gall bladder surgery because Alberta has the highest kind of life that creates that problem."

Stander, who that elective rates are high where hospitals beds are plentiful and medical facilities are accessible, but there is no proof that when these are in excess, there is a better health service. In some instances, the reverse is true. The mortality rate from gall bladder disease is twice as high for Canadians over 65 as for the same age group in England, reflecting the fact that gall bladder operations are performed less often in frequently here.

A doctor with the federal Department of Health and Welfare's health care, cautions that some of this is the price of medical faith. "Some surgery, such as hysterectomy and appendectomy, has always been a matter of faith," he says, "evening out the Canadian population for ten years, averaging 1975 higher than in the United

States—has recently waned. Between 1968 and 1972 it had fallen by 33% without any apparent damage to children's health. But medical necessity is rarely the issue. Says the doctor: "What we really think about is the degree of discomfort people are prepared to suffer. When surgery was expensive and dangerous, they were cautious, put up with the pain, or, if worse came, now it's like asking them to put on a sweater instead of turning up the heat." There's no question the surgical best will be a "It's basic economics," suggests Dr. John Carlyle, assistant registrar of the Ontario College of Physicians and Surgeons. "That is the reason of health care to be a P.M.A. approaches into the demand will approach safety. The doctor says, 'When I see all the way giving the medical card in my folder, but can I have surgery?' So he ends up doing operations in which medical practices are secondary. If a patient fails to need gall bladder surgery, will be needed."

Surgery may always be more attractive than slow long-term therapy for a society conditioned by advertising to expect instant pain relief. Many doctors are presently that wherever surgical offices and hospital beds stand ready, doctors and patients will deliver the elective surgery in full faith. If North Americans continue pills from Aspirin to alcohol, or if they were ready for safety, why should elective surgery not be used as an adult test in itself?

KARL ANDERSON

Sports

Where they root, root, root for a home team that ain't the Expos or Jays



Dads, middle-aged, nerdy, cool-looking—Mentiras are well known for their peculiar taste. Not so well known is the fact that their indifference extends to all of things baseball. At a time when the Montreal Expos and Toronto Blue Jays supposedly are drawing Canadian fans between their Montreal baseball loyalists far from where they've always been south of the border, with the Boston Red Sox for present home, the Atlantic provinces have been checked full of vocal Red Sox fans and so no summer has been more evident than in this one. With Boston's battle with New York and Baltimore making the eastern division of the American League baseball's most exciting race, the Red Sox have become the talk of the east coast—both north and south of the border. "You go out the local group shops," says Bill Donovan, managing editor of *New Brunswick's Saint John's Times-Globe* and *The Telegraph-Journal*. "And all you hear is how the Red Sox are doing."

Thus baseball fansites originated in geography (though hundreds of miles away, Boston is still the closest major league city for many fans) and loyalty. For several decades, Mentiras have gone south to work in the "Boston states," to today thousands of them have New Englanders for relatives and there with them many interests of which devotion to the Red Sox is but one exuberant manifestation.

Mentiras fans show their Boston colors in various ways. Huey Fraser, a Prince Edward Island potato farmer, wears his Red Sox cap everywhere he goes, except in the potato fields. "I don't want it there," he says, "because I don't want to get it dirty."

Color seems guys will drive for miles to bring in the Sox on the radio. He does

A Charlotte-based physician, Bob Lind, travels to Boston's Fenway Park regularly, sometimes absent only his work around Red Sox games, and won't buy a radio until he has turned it for a week to make sure it pulls in the Boston broadcasts. Leon Cole, a Canadian director in Princeton, spends his leisure time parked beside a highway leading out of the city. That's the only place he's discovered where, in the early evening, he can pick up the first signal from a station in Maine that carries Red Sox games. Many other fans pay homage to the Red Sox in an annual pilgrimage to Boston. "I hear from them all the time," says sports editor Peter Colman of the *Fredonia Daily Globe*. "They want to know when the Red Sox are playing on such and such a date. It's their big weekend in Boston. They go once a year, and they have a really good time."

It may someday be the task of a doctoral candidate to plumb the greater depths of this regional sociological phenomenon, but even now "experts" stand steady with unqualified judgments. Author Kent Thompson (*The Toronto Wire Come And Toss*) says Mentiras identify with the Sox (as true fans call them) because they are "a team with a kind of mysterious history that we like to think Manitobans also have." By that, says Thompson, he means the Red Sox have always defied an impressive, somewhat lengthy list—they once nicknamed a ball player "the Irish priest" (he was Don DiMaggio, Joe's brother), Bill Bower, a poet, says part of his

appeal for him is the "special atmosphere" at the Red Sox's old ball park, Fenway. And no expert columnist Charles Lynch, a New Brunswick author, suggests that Boston has one characteristic in common with Saint John's Halibut and St. John's All are "Irish places," he observes, meaning all have sizable Irish populations. Lynch recalls that years ago his father experienced the supreme thrill of going to Boston to see Babe Ruth play and to hear John McCormack sing. "What New Brunswick Irishmen could ask for more?"

Whether the reason for the Red Sox's Marinar following a penchant for bawling winners is not one of them. The Sox have seldom been winners. They last won the World Series in 1918 and have reached baseball's championship round only three times since, losing each time in a decisive seventh game. Yet that summer, on so many summers long past, hope is again flowering throughout New England and the Mentiras. With a lineup laden with sluggers, Boston (along with Baltimore) is mounting a mighty challenge against perennial favorite New York. Can the Sox make it? "No, they don't have enough pitching," says Harry Fleming of Halifax, a Red Sox fan for more than 30 years. "I'm not optimistic," he admits glumly.

If the Boston club loses even of their pitching, the two Canadian authors on the team will have to share the blame between them, for both Reggie Cleveland, who hails from Saint John's, Saint-John's, and Perceps Jenkins, from Charlottetown, Ontario, are pitchers. Cleveland pitched for Boston in the thrilling 1915 series against Cincinnati, but so far that honor has eluded Jenkins, who spent most of his career with the once lively Chicago Cubs. "I certainly hope Boston goes all the way," he says. "I've never played on a winner."

Regardless of the outcome, that season is unfolding before greater numbers of fans than ever before. Thanks to cable television in the old days, radio broadcasts in several fans, particularly along the Maine border in New Brunswick and on the seaboard coast of Nova Scotia. Now cable is taking over. A station in Bangor, Maine, carries several Red Sox games a week into the Marinar, and competition with the station's offering of Expos and Blue Jays games on one tv is fierce. Through the two Canadian clubs are starting to gain a following in the Marinar, particularly among younger fans, for the time being Boston still enjoys a good indication of the direction in which regional interests flow.

DAVID FORSTER

ST. RAPHAEL. THE FRENCH SELECTION.

Here's
St. Raphael Red.
The favourite aperitif
of France. With a bright
new label to match the
sparkling flavour that's
made it so popular.
Great on the rocks,
straight up or
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Here's
St. Raphael Golden.
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drier companion to
St. Raphael Red.
Try both. Discover what
the French already know
—they're delicious when
it's light refreshment
you're looking for.



Imported from France

Travel

Yes, dammit, the world is going to the dogs

San Valley's "Hole" promises a mixture of "intense and total egoism" in more than 100 air-conditioned suites overlooking the pool. You can relax to video music on wall-to-wall TV, have an elegant boutique, pamper yourself at the beauty salon, feed on gourmet meals—all for a room rate of four dollars a day. Before you reserve, however, make sure you've been warmed, bathed and vaccinated, because this resort is devoted to dogs. Located on a 40-acre site near Orono (Ontario), San Valley Kennels Ltd. is the largest boarding kennel and training academy in Canada, and currently the most unusual. Frank Geraci, San Valley's 36-year-old "hole" spent more than \$250,000 to guarantee his guests "the most comfortable, healthful and delightful environment possible." And, from the four-foot chrome chaise longue mounted over the lobby door to the "doggy rest area," "one piece with hydraulic no detail has been overlooked.

Putting a kelp to a microphone in an air-conditioned suite where, says Geraci, "there is no sound except that of the dog's tongue as it licks the microphone" is a relaxing treat. He believes that TV is a necessary remainder of home—black and white only, though, because "dogs are not in color." Geraci has noted that canine residents are popular with critics, while other breeds prefer little-known events or cartoons.

At San Valley's exclusive suites, meals are catered to "the individual when and how." Herein, as English sheep dogs roam the day with 10 views of ocean with manicured white Towelie, a Dobberman favors Kraft Dinner and a Sunday brunch of pancakes and maple syrup. Special accommodations are also given to "old timers" and "jerkers" who must gain their way through obstacles.

After a dip in the pool, or a rough game of "tag of war," guests can loiter up at the beauty salon, where they are bathed, conditioned, and sprayed with everything from fresh bubble-bath and eye brightener to ecological Baffly, a Gialdi Dase hair bar made of pink to match her hair, while others get special manicuring treatments.

Geraci, who says he planned San Valley by imagining what his own dogs would enjoy, reveals his heart's great outdoors but does admit that some of his clients (who range from globe-trotting millionaires to factory workers) may be "a little neurotic." It is not unusual for pets to receive postcard gifts and even long distance calls from their rabid owners, who consult their advisers with the knowledge that France is getting red carpet treatment.



Illustration by [illegible]

For some guests, though, a stay at San Valley is an holiday. There are the behavior problems and they come from as far away as Detroit and New York. There's the "fear bear" cured with bad nerves, the "schizophrenic" who doesn't realize he's barking the "divertive shower," the "frank publisher," the pugacious "hood" and worst of all, the "mule beer" who hides under the table, taps the guest's leg, and then retreats. A staff of trainers, all of whom hold "masters" degrees in canine instruction, correct these deviations and award the well-mannered graduates with a diploma.

San Valley even has a Pet Haven where Fido should be accidentally choke to death on a Milkbone, can be laid to rest with dignity. But while Geraci may bury them, he draws the line at marrying them. He recalls with some amusement the many public in Florida who merely record the sons of Eustice Smith (whose owner didn't want illegitimate offspring). Once they'd promised to love and obey, though, what better place than San Valley for the honeymoon?

LINDA LACHIN

Charter accounting

Not so long ago—less than a decade in fact—a winter vacation really meant something. It proclaimed for the world to see that its bearer was a person of distinction—or at least of affluence. Those were the days when international flights were so expensive they were a luxury—whether you wanted to travel in luxury was beside the point. Only the rich could afford to follow the sun. But today international travel is almost commonplace, everybody knows how to fly, who's just come back from a European jaunt, the Canary Islands or Waikeke. What happened? About a decade ago charter flight operators discovered the wisdom of the workday. And since then, it would be more correct to call charter airlines has become so strong the regular airlines want in on the action.

This year, about two million Canadians will fly charter; they'll pay just over \$125 a ticket in fares. George Curley, a vice-president of Warden, the nation's largest charter company, estimates that within the next five years the charter business will be at least double. "We know we're losing business right now because we don't have enough airplanes," he says. His company, which expects to carry at least 800,000 passengers this year, is spending \$213 million to double its fleet by 1979. The country's largest tour operator, Suncoast, won't even do business in 1987, but this year vice-president Leonard Nicholas estimates it will average flights for 350,000 vacationers.

The charters have always had one irresistible attraction: they're cheaper. And for that considerable advantage, passengers have been willing to put up with a lot less service and comfort. But now, as the industry's old usage of overcrowded mid-night flights and dubious arrival times fades, the business is booming to never before. About a quarter of the international flights Canadians take this year will be charter—despite restrictive government regulations. Tickets must be purchased

Now more than ever,

Matinée mildness makes a lot of sense.



Warning: Health and Welfare Canada advises that danger to health increases with amount smoked—equal to daily. Average per cigarette: King Size 12mg "tar," 0.8mg nicotine. Regular: 11mg "tar," 0.5mg nicotine.

Films

Out of great beginnings a lesser thing has been produced

NEW YORK, NEW YORK
Directed by MARTIN SCORSESE

[illegible][illegible]

Against this paraphernalia of entropy, De Niro and Munnah create a considerable sanity for today. De Niro's lunacy is bedevils and child, and yet he's an artist, too, and the temperament spills uncontrollably between his professional and private worlds. There isn't exactly chaos here, but a case of vulnerability, and that's what Munnah's *Fragment*, with her calm

ing, supportive personality, responds to. The depth of her own feeling is only fully released in songs: when Minicelli sings *The Man I Love* or *Just You, Just Me*, you don't see an collection of loving.

for new meanings—what goes wrong? When the director first completed a rough cut of *New York, New York* in February, the film ran 96 hours. That, almost two hours too many from the film we have now. Many of the cuts have been justified: much has been made of the \$350,000

[illegible]

Minnelli doing her 'Happy Findings' number (left) and De Vito jamming with black musicians in post-war Harlem: all is not well that simply begins well

knows) and he chats with his son, now 19 years old. The end is that rockier-erotic of final half-hour, New York, New York seems to reject and recognize the funny, cool, fast, able, deeply personal style of its beginnings. We end with just another fierce cinematic act story, when we began to begin with a little something, a little change, a little more.

Close does count

WHY SHOOT THE TEACHER?
(Directed by Silvio Minicucci)

the way *Fit Fencer*, an Edwardian novel about how to stand proud as a soldier, is the pinnacle of achievement is no longer writing the Great Canadian Novel. It is making the most of the opportunities that life offers. *Why Shout The Tencoler*, he breathes. But no essay. Based on Miss Beathwhite's class, teaching book, *Why Shout The Tencoler* is a slim, touching meditation on the nature of the world and sort of protest. Most CEC authors dream about a young, shy slacker (like Arthur Dent) at teachers' college forced by hard times to take the only job he can find, that of over-seeing the school. *Why Shout The Tencoler* is a novel about a young man who is applied to work in the district of Saskatchewan. Played by Red Carti with alternating bug-eyed wonder and bug-eyed cynicism, he is anything but heroic. Deposing a student council in the district is the first of the schemes of the school, and he is being issued from one homestead to another so that the farmers can each have a turn choosing him as a tax collector, he watches as he has been rendered to "The Missouri River" and then to "The Great Canadian Holy of Holies," all in the name of

The film is more than obviously taken from points to come to the mastery of the actors. They balled and bled on clothes to achieve a person's apathy, winded days and nights to achieve a person's exhaustion, and for the perfect filmized to manipulate and called on the resources of Baines, Alborn (where the film was shot), to develop up their memories of the times. Even Simona Egger, in the role of a frustrated forward, who has a one-on-one after with the teacher, manages to look downy and so on her brother. Her performance has made the right messages of loneliness, bewilderment and despair. Baines' head have been better served by a movie with an equal one, demands of subtle.

Why *Stop The Tractor*? In many ways, *acompanhamento* is *cinema*. Egg's release in the screen after a three-year hiatus is—largely a result of the eponymous film—indeed the last two efforts, *De Gostade* and *The Melody Maker*. Scott has been living in France, trying to escape typecasting as a result of his performance in *Normal Heart*. But most of all, the film is another grab at the golden ring by director Silvio Narosco, a Canadian currently living in Spain whose last hit was *Good Guy in 1968*. Yet it is not the old hands who give the film its charm. It's the newcomers, the children. Seven-year-old child actor José



Egger and Gertz is it faithful to the book? No, and that may be its director's

enjoyed to play the teacher's charges, and they are wonderful.

[illegible]

The half-wages of fear

SOCCER

Directed by William Friedkin

After his success with two super-popular gross-audience films, *The French Connection* and *The Exorcist*, William Friedkin may have felt that he had earned the right to direct something as bizarre as this—something with a French flavor, perhaps (he was, after all, wooing, and has since married, Jeanne Moreau) as an act of homage to the movies of his youth. Thus, he's made this new version of *The Wages of Fear*, the classic 1953 French film by Henri-Georges Clouzot, in whom the re-

The premises of the narrative remains the same: Four desperate men, strangers to one another, are being cut from the law at their own parts in a sunny, sunstruck, god-forsaken South American village. In the mad hope of earning enough to rescue



In spite of all that, their work is best in *Sorrower*, in what has always been Frank's lyrical specialty, the presentation of vivid scenes from his past. Franklin is at a loss to explain the American that, brother to a French swindler, a third in a Mexican assassin, the fourth an Arab knight-errant, is still a *Sorrower*. He is a man of the world, a man of the good world. But Schneider's shadowy, depressed might just as well be beat him by contrast, the victims with the trade, struggling through a horrific wilderness, across the desert, through the mountains, through the snowing, collapsing bridges, through horrendous environments are thrillingly done. Here there is clearly something, in the feeling, in the action, in the music, in the *cinéma* music (the electronic music from Tangerine Dream) and editing that whole into an (assailable) rhythm that fits Frank's creative rhythm. His music is not a *leit* motif, it is a *leit* street, too, and it is very effective. It's what makes one give up that nothing else

Brief encounters

Blair Wynn: Once upon a time, long ago, in a galaxy far, far away... Best sci-fi novel ever!

Memory Of Justice: Finessed but telling. A 1-hour reimagining of war cinema since World War II. Which is to praise! Not a 2.

The Other Side Of Midnight: Love lost and still very strong! Not a 2. Only Pygmalion/Gay.

Black Sundays Vol 2 (1997) by Fred
Anderson, Sami Boud, Tishrakh (1997)

Books

A song without end

THE BASS SAXOPHONE
by Josef Savorysky
Lawson-Carterworth Editors \$4.95

He used to play in soccer as he is a "very pretty" player. In author Josef Slávořský's native Czechoslovakia, where Nazi henchmen were quickly replaced by Soviet henchmen, a look towards Europe to simply show the town. The Third Reich brought the town to a halt. The town was a political party quickly followed then. Whether the town supported the Iron Cross or the Order of Lenin, totalitarianism of every kind shrouded in the free-wheeling spontaneous spirit and symposium of just 1918, the town spirit is entertaining. In its ethnographic introduction, the first of the book, the author tells us that the town was a town of two Slovaks. The first English edition published in Czechoslovakia in the 1930s Slovaks mentions how his husband Prague Cleveland Band managed to get around the Soviet censors by mixing the self of an American. Defenders and hosts of the town, the Herbert Ward was the town's first mayor.

"We quickly put together a jazz revue," writes Sklarovsky, "and since Herb's recently shorn blue hair with a few brown bangs and because Jack's skin was not so nicely white the authorites didn't dare protest." Later on, Herb and Jacqueline went the way of many American exiles, back home to the Soviets, the land where the words "You can't go home again" generally were not in vogue.

They applied to Sh. Semyonov. He had been a chemist in the nightwatches of successful Coorg regiments since 1938 when his colleagues were sent to the gulag. He was arrested and hunted two weeks later. Shortly after the 1968 Russian invasion he fled Czechoslovakia. His books were banned and he was expelled from the country. He is sending into the nerves of party bosses with the delivery of a videotape (not sold) but only to the exhausted visit of a Toronto man, the cousin of Sh. Semyonov, who has been in the United States, Tereza, Semyonov and his wife, Zdenka, occupy the large publishing house of contemporary Czech literature outside Czechoslovakia. The man, who is a publisher of the bookish apartment (just \$550 a month), where the air-conditioning works so efficiently that on many hot midday days the physical temperature of the room is 18°C. The Czechs' mood that the Semyonovs will distribute 55 books in Czech this year alone. Many of them are rare. Polina (his last manuscript, unpublished) is a novel about the life of a woman who was a



Extensive and In-depth Server-side Firewalling

now thriving under the most repressive regime in Eastern Europe. Six thousand Czech and Slovak readers across North America and Europe buy from Skvrouček's Sixty Eight Publishers—named after the decade of 1968 before the Russians crushed the Dubček government. Copies of the printed books are also smuggled back into Czechoslovakia along with royalties for the authors.

It was the clustered orders of Sixty Eight Publishers that this English edition of Slavovick's *The Best Stravinsky* was typset and passed up. The setting is the two novellas in the book (one set up as Non-accepted Credo/obituary; the other under *Seven overlord*) are very wrenching tales of laughter and lust squeezed in to last regulated by great literary Slavovick's style in two books (influenced probably by Faulkner and Tennessee Williams as much as Kafka or such Georgian Modern as Haiman Bili) has a cerebral timidity and disabatement that is easier to admire than to enjoy. Slavovick asked over an entire page, giving the dense prose the complexion of a jungle with thought's life moving over, contained among the

verifies. Still, there is not one bit of characterization that strikes a false note or a sentence of narration that rings hollow. The *Dark Scorpions* (and particularly the introductory essay *Red Moon*) is essential reading for anyone wishing some insight into the soul of fantasy. How better to understand its working still than by reading Silverberg's account of 10 Near-simultaneous encounters during embryonic

(3) Plucking of the strings is prohibited since it is damaging to the instrument and detrimental to Aryan masculinity ... strict care must be taken lest the string be allowed to pull on the wooden, which is heretofore forbidden."

Skvortsov himself (taking with some of the fictional heroes he created) recklessly pattered on the sidewalk in spite of negotiations. For tyranny, like any kind of adversity, can make good people bad and bad people worse. But it can make a few—very few—people like Josef Skvortsov exceptional as well.

BARBARA ANTON

A fire is quenched

Madame de Staël understood Nabokov's is dead at 17. It is his loss that a world in short supply of both moral acuity and literary genius has all the more. The costs that Nabokov's death has imposed on the West are incalculable. Nabokov was without doubt the prince of Western society to date. His father, a journalist and liberal, was imprisoned by the czar and assassinated in Berlin by right-wing extremists. His persecution distinguished Nabokov as a seer of social responsibility as well as a sense of individual worth (which became a dominant theme in Nabokov's writing), and a precursor of the twentieth-century's racial and cultural awareness of civilization. They lacked only the selfish aggressiveness that might have enabled them to survive.

Nathaniel Port Rostov for London in 1919 after the Bolshevik Revolution, just as he and his Jewish wife Vera would have to flee from their Berlin home to Paris in 1933, and finally to America in 1940. It took the 1955 American publication of *London* to make his tragic familiarity to general readers. "We have done it in the States what I have read," said British critic John Gorton. Retorted Dorothy Perkins: "Fugate." "London is a fine book, a finely polished book—all right, then—a great book. And how are you, John Gorton, Esq. of the London Sunday Express?" Nabokov was discovered. His style rang out, unmissably from the straggled, overgrown prose of *Invitation* (for some of us his finest work) to the sublimation of *Invitation*.

poetry of *Pale Fire*. In this sense he was a true literary child of the Berlin of the 1920s where trends like idiosyncrasy and fashion riposted happily every work. Only Nabokov's enormous common sense protected him from ever falling into poetic history mal-de-sens, although his attitude at a stylist was influenced by formalist experiments.

[illegible]

MACLEAN'S BEST-SELLER LIST

¹ The Texas State Mechanical Co.

- 4 Your Youth Series, Macdonald (1)
- 5 Trinity, Livis (2)
- 6 The Creek Of '78, Ryland (4)
- 7 The Chancellor Manuscript, Latham (3)
- 8 Jewell's, Wadson
- 9 Oliver's Story, Segal (7)
- 10 The Valhalla Exchange, Patterson (2)
- 11 Condemnation, MacDonald (3)
- 12 How To Save Your Own Life, Joag (5)
- 13 The Nine Are Different, Wadson (3)

MCA/PCT

- 1 The Royal Silver Jubilee, Montague-Smith (2)
- 2 By Panama Unknown, Jones / Amiel (1)
- 3 Your Bromwich Zones, Oyer (3)
- 4 Majesty, Lacey (3)
- 5 The Age Of Uncertainty, Gallwey (4)
- 6 Woods, Haley (3)
- 7 Changing, Gilman (7)
- 8 Wives Leigh, Edwards
- 9 The Ranger Report, Rogers (3)
- 10 The Book Of Lists, Wallace/Wallace (12)

Received with the 1997
Dissertation Submission Association

Television

Things that co bump in the prime time

"I was a good preacher," confesses Allen Spraggett with becoming modesty. "If I had stayed in the church I would have been Bishop of Outer Space by now." An creator, host and designated expert of *Beyond Avatar*, the cbc's psychic pastor game (Mondays, 9 p.m.), Spraggett may well have realized his other-worldly ambitions. At 45, he is a baptized evangelist, a former interdimensional host of *The Tomorrow Show*, the no-



Forgetting the mediums are the message

that of nearly a dozen books on the occult, a pseudoscientist, and a television personality known as much for his off-on psychosis as his performing skills. He is Charles Tompkins and Rudolf Steiner fused into one temperamental soul, without, unfortunately, benefits of either gentleman's tact. That's why *Beyond Awareness*—a psychic Warh's *My Line*—is a perfect vehicle for Spraggett. It's a prime time podium from which to display both his supernatural theories and national exorcist.

The show was a long time gestating—more than eight years, by Springer's reckoning—and even now it is only a 13-week summer replacement for *Front Page Challenge*, but it may well become a permanent fixture of the net's schedule. The program is entertaining, cheap (about \$7,000 per episode) and original. Each week a pair

ns, a *chirurgus* and *analogus* try to divine (generally a hidden visitor's) occupation by using the look of their trades—a *hainpion*, a couple of personal objects, and the subject's birth time and date. The *pythion* are most often wrong than right. Although Vancouver analogist Geoff Gray-Cobb did identify Christine Jorgensen on one of the first shows.

Producers of *Nightmare* Andrews have signed a famous act, Anthony and the Johnsons and electronic music, all to stimulate the flow of interpersonal vibrations. Longtime car announcer Bill Green acts as a gentle, step-by-step guide for Spraggitt's enthusiasm and a muscle for his waggling tongue. In hardly any minute whether you believe in it or not, *Beyond Reason* transported inside the fun machine without awaiting you. On the July 25 show the panel comes within a vibration of sensing the identity of Alvin Karpis, former U.S. Public Enemy Number One. They suggest he is an executive in charge of prison rehabilitation.

But the key to any game show's success is the panache. They show must be credible and entertaining, shined and shiny. So far, *Beyond Reason* has one winner and two losers. The first, *Jeopardy!*, is a game show like *Ally McBeal* and *Friends*, and counts with a Bloody Doody reputation that is quite a posing. Besides, the charts hit were problems before the show are surprisingly accurate. Patman Macmillan Brackman is nice, but the show is not a fun, entertaining prize game show. Declared a loser, the second suggested host George Clooney—surely a parent's dream—was a great moment of fiscal or charge of insurance loss. Brackman will likely not return beyond the first season. The show is not a fun, entertaining prize game show either a similar fate before the first season shows are taped later this month in Washington. She has a burning problem, a grating voice, and like fellow American Macmillan Brackman—Canada is unaccountably a part of the network's programming—she is a purely ignorant of things Canadian. Worse still, her powers are impersonal. Halfway through the first tape, our emcee Hughes "barnums went dead," according to Springer. There was a full-scale flame war; the producer lost his hair and the show was a disaster. The show's name, Hughes is prone to characterize blackouts. Family Springer hypnotized Hughes back to psychic readiness and the show came back a week later, but moved Springer back to the old bed show, which is it is in the end. The show's power is the network's. As long as the

SANDRA MURPHY

Separatism can't be all bad—look what it's done for the National Unity Business!

Column by Allan Fotheringham

Two or three years ago, when all great ideas arise, Ottawa journalist Frank Howard detected a new industry emerging in Canada: an industry dedicated to the finding and flourishing of federal provincial conferences on the constitution.

Such was the profusion of these conferences, freebies galore, Howard predicted vast forests cut down to provide the paper for the growing piles of bureaucratic gibberish, a crisis soon solved by the back to basics and streamlining of national reports. New railways to be constructed to transport the bulky reports around the country where they would never be read. In response, a perfect, government-induced facet of the Great National Product, non-productive self-generating expenditure on facilities and housing the public would never demand any check on it.

We have, today, a successor to the constitutional conference industry. Just as promising, just as regenerative, just as expensive—it is the national unity conference. It is, in 1977, the most successful cottage industry of our time—the creation of a perpetual motion machine that involves only talk, meetings, reports and agendas. No strategy, energy, or product to be packaged, shipped, marketed, sold, or stored. It is only talk, motions for further meetings, expense accounts, platters of water and newspaper clippings. The ideal cottage industry Canada specializes in these days.

There are two state-making aspects to the national unity cottage industry. The first is that it provides a make-work project for the Liberal hegemony, a handy prison for which Liberal's national that need to be kept in prominence.

Take, for example, Mr. Trudeau's Task Force on Unity charged with the responsibility of keeping Canada together. Co-chairman, of course, is the charming Jean Les Perrier, paid some \$37,000 so he was paid in Anti-Inflation Board chairman, the previous job he was given. To keep his name prominent and the propitious moment when he can be floated back into the cabinet. Another member is Richard Côté, who, although now an active supporter of a former Liberal, says a third is Jean Morris. Who? He? Mayor of the outpost of 100 Mile House, he is leader of the Elimination of the Douce Light and a former head of the Union of St. Municipalities. The country was liberated no more than Morris when the announcement came—he expressed some pacifism and an appointment. Later, it became clear the Liberals have been working on Mayor Morris to be

their candidate in the new riding at Carleton Place, where 100 Mile House sits. The answer won't last. There are further reaches of readiness to probe. The national unity workshops springing up across the country like mushrooms are tightly stacked by Liberal faithful. As an example, there are five work groups in Vancouver. One is headed by citizenship court judge Bruce Howard, who was given that job as a result of being a defuncted Liberal, the same group included the first president of the Liberals. A second is run by an ex-minister in Jean Les Perrier. A third is composed of largely Liberal lawyers and academics.



Example: It's an ill wind, etc., etc.

Are Tories less concerned about national unity than Liberals? Are New Democrats? One doubts it. But where you have a cottage industry, it is natural to those you know and trust. Would you give a sausage factory to strangers? Don't be foolish.

There is a second cottage industry spin-off in that cottage industry. A large part of it is dedicated to the maintenance and marketing of Dr. John Evans as a household name in Canada, a Liberal household name, if you wish to be pointed about it. Dr. John Evans, you will note, is a member of the Prime Minister's Task Force on Unity. Dr. John Evans will host a high-level conference on national unity that fall. If you don't know who Dr. John Evans is at the moment, the deep thinkers who are thinking about his eventual successor to Pierre Trudeau are going to make sure that's your first name you will know (not about him).

John Evans is, in fact, a first-class man and President of the University of Toronto. Just the right age—45. Rhodes scholar

Married to the daughter of Queen Elizabeth, author of the Royal Commission on Government Organization (another cottage industry). So-called. Super-scholarly credentials. Six. Seven cattle. All the right things.

John Evans, secondly, was practically unknown in the political world until the Parti Québécois victory last November. Then he was begun to serve groups of prominent constitutionalists in 24 boxes. Drive in drive and drive. At one time, publishing, got the inside story, an off-form Trudeau attempted to summarize the consensus of the group. He had got it all wrong. He was simply off base. No one dared contradict him. Then Evans spoke up. He described the gathered audience, squashed it, explained it—and directed the man who had been so wrong. Within a month, whose was that strange face along with the Trudeau group on that crucial visit to Jean Les Perrier? John Evans?

New York University President Jan MacDonell with the backing of Terry Prenter (Bill Davis) organized Donkey Canada, a national unity conference featuring some 500 ordinary Canadians in last June. Guess what? Dr. John Evans will host, with the implicit backing of Trudeau, a national unity conference of 300 top academics, made October 14-15. (Guess who had his observers at President MacDonell's event? President Evans.) Even better, before serving even five years as president in U of T, Evans has given advice and a watch conference is out to lead a successor. Even better, he's an anglophone French.

The Ottawa has to visit back into the current backwaters cabinet or almost public. There is that safe seat in Toronto-Eglinton that Mitchell Sharp has been keeping warm. The main business is Evans as the needed new face roasts round the academic conference rooms and the magazine publisher in Ottawa.

There is, you see, the factor that is the Liberal leadership. Even for the anglophones. There is the fact of the vacuum behind Trudeau, with Don MacDonell, assuming he hasn't got the royal jelly, and Otto Leung, who thinks he's got a lot but hasn't got any common sense. There is the fact that the Liberals have always been successful in going outside the party for leaders. The aloof corporate lawyer St. Laurent, the nice psychopompt Perrier, the swaggy co-scientist Trudeau, Dr. John Evans, unknown in 1977, soon to be well-known in 1978. In the recipe. After all, what was it cottage industry if it can't produce its heir to the realm?

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